PRUDENCE MUST BE PROMPT. *See page 22*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 458 | SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 064562
For meaning of this No. see Page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 22.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 21, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently* insured during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 22, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 22.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, March 17, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, March 18.

OLD CALABAR

HOUND MEAL, TERRIER MEAL, BULLDOG MEAL, PUPPY MEAL.
POULTRY & CHICKEN MEALS

Sample and Booklet free. State if for Dogs or Poultry. The Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. March 13, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

GRAVES

FOR EVERYTHING on EASY TERMS

Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns, or Catalogue of Cycles, Gramophones, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Watches and Jewellery, Sheffield Tools for all Trades, Prams, Blankets, J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

of Sheffield

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Mar. 20th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford City	v.	Bolton W.
			Tottenham H.	v.	Oldham A.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Aston Villa
			W. Bromwich A.	v.	Sunderland
			Chelsea	v.	Blackburn R.
			Manchester City	v.	Sheffield Wed.
			Bristol C.	v.	Leeds City
			Bury	v.	Hull City
			Notts F.	v.	Fulham
			Leicester F.	v.	Wolver W.
			Birmingham	v.	Derby County
			Grimsby T.	v.	Arsenal
			Huddersfield	v.	Clapton O.
			Cardiff C.	v.	Millwall A.
			Exeter C.	v.	Queen's Pk. R.
			Luton T.	v.	Southend U.
			Portsmouth	v.	Swindon
			Plymouth A.	v.	Northampton
			Norwich City	v.	Reading
			Crystal P.	v.	Watford

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

.....

18 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.
2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 18, and send to reach us not later than Friday, March 19th.
3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on March 20. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, £50 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number; and £20 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, the £250, or the £50, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.
4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.
5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £250, the £50, as well as the special £20 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.
7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.
8. Scottish readers may enter.

SINGLE-WEEK CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, MARCH 19th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Bradford C. v. Bolton Wanderers				Birmingham v. Derby County
			Tottenham H. v. Oldham A.				Grimsby T. v. Arsenal
			Sheffield U. v. Aston Villa				Huddersfield T. v. Clapton O.
			West Brom. A. v. Sunderland				Cardiff C. v. Millwall A.
			Chelsea v. Blackburn Rovers				Exeter C. v. Queen's Park R.
			Manchester C. v. Sheffield Wed.				Luton T. v. Southend United
			Bristol City v. Leeds City				Portsmouth v. Swindon
			Bury v. Hull City				Plymouth A. v. Northampton
			Notts F. v. Fulham				Norwich C. v. Reading
			Leicester F. v. Wolver. W.				Crystal Palace v. Watford

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 458. Week ending Saturday, March 13th, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for March 6th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 899,572.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Those Letters.

We are still pondering over the inner meaning of those letters which passed between the French President and our King on the eve of the war—*and upon the cryptic significance of their publication at this juncture.*

Our Recruiting Campaign.

We are rapidly becoming "booked up"—till the end of the war. Amongst other engagements, we are due at Plymouth on the 16th and 17th of the present month—taking advantage of the JOHN BULL Inter-regimental Boxing Contest fixed for those dates; at Walthamstow on the 18th; and at Glasgow from the 5th till the 10th of April. Again we venture to ask, where *is* that "Parliamentary Recruiting Committee"?

A Sad Function.

The other day, at the invitation of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, we paid a visit to the Blinded Soldiers' Hostel at Bayswater Hill, and had a chat with the splendid heroes of the war who are resting there, pending their removal to St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park—where they are to be trained for various occupations. It was a sad, but at the same time an inspiring, scene—each of the blinded men bearing his affliction with the same indomitable fortitude as that which characterises Mr. Pearson. They were good enough to say that our visit had cheered them up—and we hope the case of comforts which was subsequently despatched from our office had the same effect. God bless all of them—and curse the Kaiser!

The Captured Pirates.

Why *were* they "captured"? Think *that* over.

A Slip.

A contemporary speaks of the "Intoxicating Liquor (*Temperance* Restriction) Act"!

"The Passing Show."

Such is to be the title of the latest argosy of literary and artistic treasure, about to be floated on the journalistic sea by our publishers, Messrs. Odhams Limited. With *Everywoman's Weekly*—which sees the light in the third week of this month—this marks the beginning of the newspaper boom which will be one of the products of the war, amongst other items being the advent of the *Daily Chronicle* into the field of evening journalism. Having "knocked" the *Daily News*, our virile and powerful and splendidly edited contemporary evidently proposes to give the *Star* its quietus.

"If You See It——"

The general press is preparing to agree with us that the end is in sight. "According to expert opinion (a nice way of putting it!) in this country and elsewhere, the war is now more than half over. The Government is officially confident, and the members of the Government in their private capacities are unofficially confident." So writes Mr. Arnold Bennett in the *Daily News and Leader*. We don't mind people peeping through our glasses—so long as we have first look.

A Little Bit Off.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is right in his prophecy, but he is all wrong when he tells us that territory must not be taken from Germany. We have already taken certain territory from her—to wit, her colonies—and we are *not* going to return them. Alsace and Lorraine will be taken in due course. Schleswig-Holstein will be restored to Denmark. East Prussia will form another granary for Russia. We shall certainly claim back Heligoland, and we shall denationalise the Kiel Canal, whilst it would not be a bad idea to give poor Belgium a slice of South-West Germany. *Aren't* we going to take any territory!

The Old Story.

Speaking at Battersea a few week ago, we said: "Not only should all food consigned to Germany be declared absolute contraband of war, but nothing of any sort should be permitted to enter, or to leave, any German port. That should have been our policy from the first day of the war." You know the rest.

The Derby.

Of course the Derby will be run—and every Tommy and Jack will have his bob on the King's horse.

The Coldstream Guards.

Why is this regiment of Guards thinking of changing the first two syllables of its name?

Aniline *Dies!*

The greatest of all mistakes made by the Government in this matter was—not advertising the prospectus in the Liberal papers!

"Bullets" Monster Easter Egg! See new great offer on page 36.

Baa!

Speaking in the House of Commons on February 25th, Sir H. Verney suggested that, in view of the shortage of male agricultural labour, women might very well make up the deficiency. To point a moral and adorn a tale, he declared that "In the lambing season a woman was more likely to be a better midwife to an old ewe than a boy." We beg to disagree. Whilst admitting there is much work on a farm which women might advantageously perform, we say most emphatically that attending to the lambing of ewes is not their job. A ewe will sometimes produce as many as four live lambs—more than she can conveniently nourish. It then becomes necessary for the shepherd to skin a dead lamb, should there be one, and wrap the "jacket" around one of the four, so that the mother of the dead animal, deceived by the scent, will allow the stranger lamb to feed, under the impression it is her own offspring. Such tasks as that, which often have to be performed at dead of night, and in the most trying weather conditions, do not strike us as being peculiarly suited to women. They are not; and Sir H. Verney, as an official of the Board of Agriculture, *ought* to know it.

Spot that Spy!

There is still a good deal of public misgiving in regard to the official treatment of enemy aliens, and recent Ministerial statements upon the matter tend to confirm our earlier fears. In the absence of full information it is hard to fix direct responsibility, but it is clear that between one Department and another the business has been grossly mishandled. Despite official disclaimers, it is pretty evident that the Home Office has lent its aid towards finding employment for enemy subjects released from internment, while, to complete the irony of the situation, it is credibly asserted that more than one individual thus reinstated has since been re-arrested upon renewed suspicion. In this vital department of national defence, the authorities appear to have been actuated by no intelligible principle, nor does it seem that they are yet alive to the gravity of a situation whose peril we have repeatedly exposed. Meanwhile, we are by no means alone in the conviction that, both in high and humble quarters, the spy remains at large.

Germhun Joy Belle.

What with one thing and what with another, this country seems about the nicest the Germhun ever meets on his travels. Consider what happened at Southend the other day—four Germhun prisoners of war, interned in the *Royal Edward*, allowed ashore to marry "four brides whom they had met in London before the outbreak of the war," an armed guard in their khaki being not only their witnesses at the Registry Office, but "compulsory if hon. guests at the subsequent wedding breakfast"! Thus is the Pauline ethic out-Pauled: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; and if he wants to get married, be best man at his wedding." If kindness to Germhuns can end this war, we should be marching down the Unter den Linden and the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Strasse first thing to-morrow morning.

Rum at the Front.

The Rev. M. Bremner, of Port Glasgow, must have awfully shocked and shuddered the Scottish Temperance League when he told the delegates "for God's sake to cease talking about this tot of rum for the troops, unless they themselves were prepared to go to the Front and serve out coffee and tea to the men in the trenches." A rumour is current in the vicinity that he made their hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Tooting Teutons.

The burning love of Britain and the British displayed by a few Germans resident in this country is enough to melt the heart of a bull moose, and to cause the eyes of the grisliest crocodile to suffuse with scalding tears. Learning that a quantity of Canadian flour had been allotted for distribution among the poor of Tooting, two German bakers in the neighbourhood at once offered to convert it into such edible forms as the Relief Committee might suggest. This timely offer, made without promise of gain or hope of reward, was gratefully accepted by the official almoners, the Chairman waxing lyrical over the sterling generosity of the tame Teutons of Tooting. One member of the Committee did, indeed, suggest that he would prefer his bread baked by the Britishers, but it was apparently felt that no self-respecting recipient of relief would nourish such illiberal prejudices. Meanwhile, Colonial donors of foodstuffs may be gratified to learn that their generosity has afforded scope for the warm benignity of the genial Hun.

Coal and the Collier.

With reference to the circular recently issued to their coal-getters by the Wharncliffe Silkstone Colliery, the managing director of another concern states that the Barrow Colliery, near Barnsley, is a special example of slacking, so much so that the officials of the Miners' Association have been down in the district entreating the miners to put their backs to the work, but without result. "There are as many humbugs among working men as other classes," he tells us. "Miners are being treated as spoiled children, who must not be reproved; but when the general public have to pay famine prices for coal in order that the collier may work four days a week, and earn £2 a week or more, there is surely a wrong for John Bull to right." Having our own views on the matter, we certainly hesitate to accept the view that the London poor have to pay as much as possible for coal because the miner is producing as little as possible. However, it may be that the Government Committee will convince us, though they do not appear to be in very much of a hurry to do it.

An Irish Gentleman's Way.

Approving our epistle to the Chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway, with respect to the employment of Germhun managers and waiters in the Company's hotels and refreshment rooms, an Irish reader says he has adopted a plan which, if acted upon generally, would soon put a stop to this state of things. "When I enter a shop or restaurant," he says, "before giving any order, I ask, 'Is there any Germhun employed here in any capacity?' and if so, I simply walk out." Unfortunately, it is not everybody who has the courage of some of his convictions. However, we did hear the other day of a man going into a Brighton barber's, asking "Is it true you employ a Germhun assistant?" and, gathering by much proprietorial equivocation that it was so, at once walking out of the shop, retorting, "Then let him cut somebody else's throat."

Germhun Food Prices.

Whatever may happen before the end of the war, it is evident that the resources of Germhun civilisation are not yet exhausted. News from Copenhagen has it that Germhun agents are buying dogs of all kinds in West Jutland, as much as 58s. for fat ones being offered, the poor bow-wows being destined to become sausages for the peasant population. Everything considered this is really a very high price for meat, and in the interests of humanity we suggest that bow-wow should be mixed with me-ow. A Germhun sausage is one of the few places in which cat and dog will lie down together.

Another big "Bullets" offer—1st prize £500—2nd prize £100.

An Unsolicited Testimonial.

Under the caption, "The Blind Leading the Blind," we recently spoke of rubber anti-frost-bite boots sent out for the troops in the trenches that never passed the base, and of the men who in consequence were maimed for life. Along comes this letter from a brave chap who has been sent home invalided: "With reference to your article 'Blind Leading the Blind,' I can honestly agree with what you say. I have been invalided home from France with malaria and bronchitis through being up to my knees in water. When I came down to the base I saw big, strong, healthy men doing police duty with rubber boots up to their knees, also all the head ones —quarter-master-sergeants, sergeant-majors, and other pets—wearing the same. I thought justice was not being done to us chaps out at the Front. I was pleased to see your article, and it is good to have a paper like John Bull in England telling the public of the true state of affairs, and to have it backed up by one who really knows. I wish you and John Bull long life and prosperity." But things are improving.

Aliens and the Admiralty.

We are credibly informed that a German-owned engineering company, trading in the North of England, and lately convicted of a number of offences under the Trading with the Enemy Act, was formerly upon the list of British Admiralty contractors, having received extensive orders for Government work even since the outbreak of war. This is by no means the only report of the kind which has lately reached us, and if the facts are as stated, they afford ground for active inquiry. If the patronage of alien firms is dictated by solid considerations of efficiency, we have no fault to find; but, unhappily, there is some reason to believe that a spirit of false economy has too often influenced the custom of the great spending departments. There for the moment we leave the matter, but we may, perhaps, be permitted to express the hope that, as one result of this fateful conflict, the British manufacturer may at length come into his own.

A Burntisland Scene.

An officer of a North Sea vessel describes to us a "little scene" he witnessed in a hotel at Burntisland, near Kirkcaldy. The town is full of soldiers, and the proprietor had strict orders not to serve anybody in uniform; wherefore he was naturally rather wrath. "In walk two military officers in full uniform, one wearing a Piccadilly window in his eye. The officers called for drinks, and were at once refused. 'Ah, well,' said he of the Piccadilly window, 'we will have a cup of tea.' 'You will have nothing of the kind,' retorted the proprietor, 'and you'll get out here as smart as you like. I've orders not to allow you on the premises at all.' 'But,' argued he of the monocle, 'it was I who issued the order.' 'In that case,' says the proprietor, 'it is for you to rescind it, and, meanwhile, you ought to have more *Assouaned* sense than to come in!'" Exeunt officers.

"Helping the Doctors."

About five hundred members of the Fresh Air Brigade are storming at us because of our recent indictment of ever-open windows in the tops of L.C.C. tramcars. We maintain that keeping these windows open in all weathers is a constant source of complaint, annoyance, and discomfort, and though we have not any cemetery or hospital statistics on the subject we believe the wild and whirling twenty-mile-an-hour draughts whizzing through that topmost height are responsible for much catarrh, pharyngitis, laryngitis, bronchitis and pneumonia. If Harley Street had to live in them it would soon be as dead as mutton.

A Nosy Parker Parson.

Two items of news from Salisbury, if taken together, make significant reading. In one case a funeral was delayed half-an-hour by reason of the absence of the clergyman who should have officiated, the delay being most painful to the mourners. In the other instance the Rev. W. C. Procter opposed the renewal of several public-house licences at the Brewster Sessions. The reverend gentleman had every right, but evidently slight cause, to exercise his prerogative of appeal to the Bench. He admitted that he had resided in Salisbury only six months and a few days, that his previous experience had been gained in Liverpool, the "black spot of England" so far as drunkenness is concerned, but alleged that Salisbury was even blacker. We are well acquainted with both cities, and we'll back Liverpool to lick Salisbury hollow in the Beer Bottle Stakes. But that by the way. What we would point out is that this gentleman, with but six months' experience of local conditions, ran absolutely counter to the facts adduced by the Chief Constable. Moreover, he imported two retired London police officers, who testified to the fact that soldiers were served in one of the inns at a time forbidden by the military law. They did not inquire, however, whether or not the soldiers were billeted in the hostelry, as was actually the case. In fact, the Reverend Procter was hard pushed in his endeavour to establish his case. Would it not be better for these Nosy Parker Parsons to attend to their special duties—such as the burial of the dead?

Exorbitant Canteen Profit.

The canteen contractor has got into the painful habit of smiling in the face of Mr. Atkins while he picks his pocket. In a certain West Dorset canteen—and possibly in most other canteens—there is placed on sale pass forms—Army form B 295. According to our information, these forms are on sale at any of the railway bookstalls at sixpence a hundred. Naturally the stalls make an adequate trading profit by selling them at this price. But the canteen contractor is not satisfied with an adequate profit; he is out for a monstrously exorbitant one, so he sells the forms to Mr. Atkins at *three* a penny. Why the War Office allows this sort of plundering to continue, we cannot understand.

Cake for the Fleet.

Evidently the Postmaster-General is not anxious that Jack Tar, Esquire, should eat cake. Everything has gone up since the war; and now it appears that the rate of postage to the sailors of our Navy has gone up also. "I sent a cake weighing just over 4 lbs. to a cousin on H.M.S. *Leviathan*," complains a New Cross reader, "and had 2s. postage to pay. I could have sent 7 lbs. for the same money, or 3 lbs. for 1s. There appears to have been no public notice of the increase. The information is given at the post office." What is the rate of postage for biscuits dispatched to the Postmaster-General? We are anxious to send him one of our biggest and best.

Bissing Missing.

Local residents are greatly perturbed at the discovery that Baron von Bissing—who has the misfortune to be the brother of the German Military Governor of Brussels—has recently shut up his house and left Hove, thus depriving them of the opportunity of tendering their congratulations upon his vindication from the scandalous allegations of pro-German sympathies which have been made against him in Parliament and elsewhere. There are rumours of an abortive firework display in the Baron's honour.

New Single-week Football Contest. £1,000 for a correct forecast.

FEED—NOT FOOL—THE PEOPLE.

THE FIRST DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT—BELLY AND BRAWN BEFORE BRAINS—THE BUSINESS POLICY.

"And the famine was over all the face of the earth, and Joseph opened the storehouses and sold unto the Egyptians."

A few weeks ago we issued our solemn warning to the Government, and urged that it should commandeer every available acre of land in the United Kingdom, in order to secure a home supply of food for the people, or come to the rescue of the farmers by means of a Bounty; and since then we have had two debates in the House of Commons on the subject—in which we have been treated to the usual array of comparative statistics and other meaningless nonsense; whilst we are, of course, reminded that the forcing of the Dardanelles will mean the opening up of a free route for Russian and Black Sea littoral wheat. But political alliances are fleeting things, and the bald fact remains that, upon the present basis of consumption and price, our bill for foreign food-supplies will probably reach £400,000,000 this year—four times as much as it was in 1871, when the population was two-thirds of what it is to-day. And all the Government can do is to tell us that "as the country *is* dependent"—thus begging the whole question—"on imports for four-fifths of its food supplies, it is of the utmost importance that no precipitate action should check the free shipment of wheat to this country from all parts of the world; if the Government were known to hold large stocks the shipment of wheat would immediately fall off, for the shippers would not run the risk of finding the market here suddenly swamped. The policy of the Government is to encourage in every way the shipment of wheat to this country, and to induce growers in the United States, Canada, and other countries to extend their wheat acreage. By this means plentiful supplies of wheat to this country could be maintained and the prices kept low"; and then, with delightful irony, the Government strongly urges farmers to grow wheat, "as it was advised by its committee that wheat was likely to prove a profitable crop"! Was ever economic shibboleth carried to a more ridiculous point?

A National Scheme.

Of course, we are aware that anything which may benefit the landowner is anathema. *Then, for Heaven's sake, if the Government fears that a rise in production will increase rents and keep alive the embers of the feudal system, let it buy up all the arable land in the country.* The Royal Commission of 1893 estimated that the capital value of agricultural land in the United Kingdom had declined since 1875 by nearly £1,000,000,000. It has increased slightly in the last few years, but, at the average value of £25 per acre, at which it stands to-day, the whole of the cultivable area of the United Kingdom could be bought for less than £1,000,000,000—half our annual income; and as the average interest derived by the landowners is about 2½ per cent. on their capital outlay, there would be very few who would not be glad to sell. What the Government has done for shipowners, for the dye trade, for the bankers and the merchants, it neglects to do for our most important industry, largely because it fears interference with "natural prices." The Minority Report of the Royal Commission of 1893 sounded a true note of warning, when it said that, assuming that our fleet were defeated, its "faith in the genius, the resource, and the courage of the race forbids us to accept the idea of the destruction of the Empire—for even in the face of a disaster so great as that supposed, we believe in their ability to recover, *unless we were confronted with a starving or semi-starving population.*"

A Lesson from Germany.

Various schemes have been devised by agricultural "experts," which have been discussed and re-discussed for years, but in the meantime, while the grass is *not* growing, the steed is starving. It has been well said that any workable plan which would ensure a supply to last us only a few more weeks should receive the consideration of all responsible people. It might make just the difference between life and death; between the continuance of our Empire and its destruction.

We have pointed out how Germany, with her overseas trade strangled and her supplies cut off, is practically self-supporting—at any rate, for the next six months. This has been the result of Bismarck's policy and advice. He realised the importance of protecting and fostering the home production, both of food and sturdy country-bred men to fill the ranks of her army. Speaking in 1879, he said: "The position of the farmer depends upon the revenue he obtains from the sale of his produce, and the better his position the more prosperous is the economic position as a whole. The farmers have a right to demand that the home markets shall be safe to them. If the time should come when corn cannot be profitably cultivated, not only agriculture but the State and Empire itself will go to ruin. *This is the position of English agriculturists to-day. They have been feeding the nation mainly out of capital for many years past, and unless the downward course is stopped, it means national ruin and anarchy as the result.*" Ponder these words, and suppose that France and Russia were *not* our allies.

And although wheat is not everything, and our food production in other directions is equally important, it is on the production of wheat and other grain that the stability of the whole of our agriculture rests. A great part of our land can only be profitably cultivated in rotation courses, and once in four or six years must be put down to corn. If there is a loss on wheat, oats and barley, it does not pay to plough for the other crops. With a

deficiency of home production of cereals our milling trade has been destroyed, with the consequent loss of the valuable offals without which farmers cannot feed their cattle and pigs. Even in this direction it is difficult to understand the policy of the Board of Agriculture. At the beginning of the war it issued an Order prohibiting the export of fodder and feeding stuffs, but the Emergency Board immediately annulled the benefit of that measure by granting licences, on certain conditions, with the result that prices have now gone up by 75 per cent. Is it surprising that farmers complain that it does not pay to keep pigs at the present price of barley-meal; that small-holders say that poultry-keeping does not pay, because of the price of corn and maize; that the milk trade is suffering because of the price of linseed cake—and so along the whole line? Whether the remedy be a Bounty, a Government Guarantee, or National Ownership of the land, for Heaven's sake let us do something, so that the production of our own country may be important enough to have an influence in determining the price of corn, *which is to-day largely controlled by financiers instigated by Germany, and who are cornering our supplies in the foreign markets.*

THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

Even on the question of labour—which has become a very serious one—the farmers have had no encouragement from the Government, and the faddists are complaining of encroachment on the "education" by-laws, by the employment of children. They gird at the farmer for trying to replace hands who have gone to the Front by labour of a kind for which he is able to pay—regarding, as they do, the parrot-teaching of the dates when kings and queens came to the throne, and all the rest of the nonsense which passes as "education," as of more importance than the leading of a healthy life in the fields and farmyards during the absence of the regular hands. Granting for the moment that this plan involves a suspense of brain culture, surely the development of brawn, and the filling of the belly, is of equal importance. In many country districts the farmers have lost half their labour; and no wonder, as under the new separation allowances a woman with four children now gets a minimum of 25s. a week—which is considerably more than she has been receiving in most districts. And yet cranks like Keir Hardie and others cry out against the sinfulness of employing young chaps from school to fill the temporary vacancies, expecting the poor farmer to employ high-priced labour, and thus further deplete his already poor resources. In our view, the Education Acts should be entirely suspended during the war. The best education of the youth of Britain to-day is to develop its muscle.

Then there is the all-important question of carriage. The increasing rapidity and cheapness of trans-oceanic transport has entirely destroyed what Cobden called "the natural protection enjoyed by the farmers of this country"; whilst the policy of the railway companies has been specially adapted to the interests of foreign producers, in their efforts to capture the British market.

CANALS *versus* RAILWAYS.

In fact, the Railways have had it all their own way. They have stifled all competition. Take the Canals, for instance. Look at them! Once the pride and glory of the commercial activities of Britain, intersecting our lands in every direction and tapping all the centres of industry, covered with fleets of barges laden with the products of our enterprise, with which we supplied the markets of the world, and in direct communication with the shipping in our ports. To-day they stand neglected and forlorn—a mournful testimony to the slumber from which this war is slowly awakening us. What was once the finest traffic system in the world, and which from the days of Charles II. to the last of the Georges, under the lead of Brindley and the early engineers, followed by the great Bridgewater, impelled foreign competitors to copy our methods, has to-day in great part become a watery waste, haunted only by wild-fowl and the hungry pike and roach—to the great delectation of the contemplative angler. Some of them were swallowed by the greedy maw of the railway companies, who absorbed them under the pretence that they could be profitably and conveniently worked in connection with the railways for the purpose of collecting freight. Portions of others have actually been drained and now form part of the permanent way, and on the dry beds of others cattle and sheep are peacefully browsing. Nevertheless, there are still 3,000 miles of canal in this country (exclusive of the Manchester Ship Canal), of which over one-third are owned or controlled by railway companies, the total tonnage conveyed being at present about 35 million per annum. Many of them are moribund, or are only just paying expenses. We remember hearing the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—at the meeting which he addressed at the Albert Hall on assuming office at the end of 1905—declare that this was to be one of the first problems to be tackled by the new Government; but beyond the inevitable Royal Commission, which sat for four years, nothing has been done. The Commission found that the flourishing period in the history of our waterways came to a gradual end as the railway era advanced. Few improvements and no large extensions, with the exception of the Manchester Ship Canal, had been made since 1830, and, except on a few sections, favoured by special conditions combined with enterprising management, there had been many deteriorations and even disappearances of canals which once existed. One of the prime causes of this decline was the multiplicity of authorities.

Of course nothing has been done; but if only a part of the recommendations had been proceeded with, would house coal in London now have been at nearly £2 a ton and 2s. 6d. a cwt. in the poorer districts? Would wheat have been over £3 per quarter and flour 50s. a sack? During the war, freight on coal from Newcastle to London has been as high as 13s., and stands now at 11s. If the main canal system had been in working order farmers would have been able to send up their corn from outlying districts, and receive in return manure and fertilisers and feeding-stuffs at a much cheaper rate than is being paid to-day, and a large proportion of the congestion existing owing to the holding up of railway wagons commandeered by the Government would have been relieved.

Oh, for a Business Government!

PEACE WITHOUT MERCY.

MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME—THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE SHALL PREVAIL.

When the War Office called upon the men of Britain to "avenge Scarborough!" they sounded a note of honest human passion which went straight to the heart of the nation. The appeal outraged no sane moral sentiment. In the face of villainies unparalleled in history, no man need be ashamed of vengeful wrath. For every breach by the Huns of the laws of honour and the rules of humanity there shall be a just reckoning. So at least we interpret the resolve of the nation, and we demand that in this stupendous crisis the Government shall pay scrupulous respect to the will of the people by whose suffrages they hold place and power. We may say at once that there will be no reprisals in kind. It has already been made abundantly clear that any departure from the civilised code by members of the Allied Forces will be visited with the sternest punishment. The warning is wholesome, though we believe it to be in the main unnecessary. It remains on record as an earnest of our right to take clean vengeance for the devilries of the Huns. "Frightfulness," in the German sense, has no place in the Allied code of war. No German woman will expiate the rape of her Belgian sisters. We shall not require the blood of innocents.

"Firm be Your Justice."

Our quarrel is with the armed henchmen of the Kaiser, and from them, according to the sternest usages of civilised war, we shall demand honourable satisfaction, claiming no quarter and shutting our ears to the demands of mercy. The crashing volleys of the latest marvel in siege artillery will be directed, not at the Cathedral of Cologne or at the University of Leipzic, but at the bristling fortresses of the Rhine and at the armoured domes of Essen. While the German High Seas Fleet is compelled to vindicate its title to the name, the guns of British battle-cruisers will rake, not an unprotected coast, but the fortifications of the Kiel Canal and the armoured quays of Wilhelmshaven. In their clumsy effort to wrest the trident of sea-power from Britannia's grasp her enemies have hoisted the Jolly Roger, flouting every rule of the game. So be it. We accept the challenge. Set rules redound to the advantage of the weaker combatant, compelling the stronger to use his power with a measure of restraint. If Germany cares to cast aside this advantage we are more than content. We were ready to fight and win by the Hague rules; but at the catch-as-catch-can game of Von Tirpitz and his merry men we have everything to gain and little to lose.

Off With the Gloves!

The nation demands that the Government's promise of reprisals by sea shall be translated into stern reality without an instant's unnecessary delay. Off with the gloves! In the conditions prescribed by German perfidy, this war is a continuing crime against civilisation, against humanity, against the interests of neutral nations, and against every article of the moral code. Every humane principle and every consideration of expediency demand that it shall be brought by all practicable means to a swift and certain end. Henceforth every debatable point of strategy or tactics and every detail of belligerent policy must be determined by reference to this simple criterion: Will it hasten the end? It is the object of German statecraft to make Britain pay so dearly for her victory that she shall rue this war for a century to come. But thanks to the tireless vigilance of the British Navy, the ocean highways are in our keeping. By her wanton strokes of piracy, Germany has abused the rule of the road and she shall no longer enjoy its courtesies. The punishment fits the crime. She shall not use by proxy for her convenience the waters which she has befouled with her crimes. Upon every ocean route, her maritime agents shall read the flaming signal—"No Thoroughfare! By order of the British Fleet!" If our warrant be disputed an appeal lies—to the arbitrament of arms. There in the North Sea the lists have been set since some time in August last. "The Day" is already far spent.

Full Steam Ahead!

Yes, the war must end soon. In every department of warlike activity we must crowd on the steam. There is no use pretending that no one will be hurt. We mean to punish the foe. The civil population of Germany will suffer. They will probably be short of food, and as the import of raw materials fails they will certainly lack the means to purchase it. We cannot help these things. Either they or we must smart, and we prefer that it should be they. Nations, it is said, have the Governments they deserve, and to modern Germany the dictum applies with full force. For the sins of her rulers her people shall pay. Invading no sacred human rights, we shall yet exact the fullest reparation, according to the utmost severity of our own code. That, and no less, is our duty to ourselves, to civilisation, and to posterity. The German citizen has made a cult of war. The tawdry mask must be torn from the face of his idol and at close range he must be made to see in all its grisly horror the hideous thing he has worshipped. So it is ordained that he shall work out his salvation. The war must end, not upon Belgium's stricken plains nor amid the wastes of Russian Poland, but at the heart of the German Empire. There lies the task of the Allies. It is well within their united powers. It's a fight to a finish, and the gloves are off. Let blow follow blow till the foe lies prone and helpless at our feet.

Never Again!

And then?—but there is no need to recapitulate our suggested terms of peace. In this connection we adhere to all that we have ever said, and we once more insist that the sternest punishment shall be meted out to the authors of this war's unutterable woe. The marks of our just wrath must remain as a sign to future generations. Germany must not be permitted to rear another armed menace upon the ruins of Prussian militarism. We must have ample safeguards for her peaceful and modest behaviour towards her European neighbours. Her Fleet, if not previously destroyed, must be surrendered and added to our own. The Thugs are not to be trusted with lethal weapons. We shall yield up no inch of territory which has fallen to the Allied Forces by the lawful operations of war. No overseas community wants the Huns for neighbours. By means of war indemnities spread over a term of years we shall endeavour to recoup the material cost of this stupendous struggle, and at the same time to relieve Germany of any margin of wealth which she might otherwise be tempted to employ to mischievous purpose. Of other penalties, military, economic, and dynastic, we shall speak in due season, but enough for the present. Peace must wait yet a little while upon the grim fortunes of war. And to every man in the fighting line, from drummer to field-marshal, and to every lad on our ships of war, from deck-boy to admiral, and to those at home and abroad who keep watch and ward through weary days and nights, here's the best of luck and a salvo of thanks. God bless them, every one!

PAMPERING THE HUNS.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTING CONDITIONS.

At Donington Park, near Nottingham, a fine old country mansion has been rented for the accommodation of German officers, and it is said that no less than £20,000 has been spent in adapting this stately residence to the requirements of his Majesty's temporary guests. It is hardly conceivable that such extravagant expenditure can really have been necessary, and the following particulars from a local journal suggest that the authorities have taken a most Quixotic view of their obligations towards enemy prisoners:—

> A wood on the rising ground at the rear gives the house a picturesque setting, and altogether we cannot help thinking that these German gentry who have turned Belgium into a wilderness are doing very well. They will be waited upon by about sixty valets, presumably German private soldiers who have been captured. . . . The floors are covered with linoleum, which, in the case of two or three of the principal apartments, has been laid down merely to protect the fine parquet work. . . . Only in the lofty entrance hall, which is to be used as a lounge, and in the writing room are any easy chairs to be seen. These are of padded wicker. . . . One room is a canteen, and it has been suggested that the coach house shall be turned into a gymnasium. Six bathrooms and a shower bath have been fitted up. The mansion was formerly only lighted by lamps, but electric light has now been installed throughout.

That captive commissioned officers should be accommodated in a manner befitting their rank is in accordance with the accepted usages of modern war, but it must not be forgotten that the Huns have unscrupulously violated such polite conventions whenever it has suited their purpose to do so, as indeed they have wantonly outraged every accepted principle of civilised warfare. In Belgium German officers have been directly responsible for atrocities of a most inhuman nature, while nearer home the baby-killing exploits of the German Fleet, to say nothing of murderous air raids and piratical submarine attacks, have been planned and executed by bearers of the Kaiser's commission. It is the comrades and mess-mates of these desperadoes, some of them doubtless guilty of like criminal acts, who are to be housed at Donington Park in conditions which might well be envied by many a war-worn fighter in the cause of the Allies. That the German authorities have no thought of extending similar courtesies to interned British subjects has upon several occasions been made painfully clear. Quite recently a Hull seaman, arrested at the outbreak of war and detained in Germany for several months, related his experiences to a representative of the Press. Describing the camp for civil prisoners at Rubleben, near Berlin, he said:—

> The living and sleeping accommodation consisted of stables. The stable I was in was made to accommodate 320 men, several being in one stall which ordinarily would have been occupied by one horse. It was a draughty building, it being possible to see daylight through at least one of the walls, and although a sort of heating apparatus was fixed up, the men could not keep themselves warm, and only one blanket was served out for each man.

Before his arrival at Rubleben the sailor, whose only offence lay in his British nationality, had experienced even worse hardships, but space must be found for a few further particulars of the normal life of the camp:—

> The food was scanty and of poor quality. . . . Every man . . . had to fetch his food, a walk of a quarter of a mile, in all kinds of weather. I have gone when I have been ankle deep in mud. . . . Any offence was punished by the prisoner being cast into the black cell. It was alleged that one sick prisoner had been impertinent to a soldier, and he was put in the black cell for 72 hours. When I left the camp he was suffering from pneumonia. The whole treatment is disgraceful and scandalous, and I counted myself lucky when I got out.

Unhappily there seems to be little reason to doubt the accuracy of these accounts, which are amply confirmed from various trustworthy sources. We are far from suggesting that we should "take it out of" German officers for the treatment of British civilians, but the contrast between the state of things at Rubleben and at Donington Park is much too forcible for our liking. The house at Donington Park should rather have been turned into a convalescent home for wounded Tommies, its present inmates being suitably accommodated elsewhere.

THE LIGHT ON THE HILL.

VINDICTIVE PUNISHMENT FOR CARELESS ACTS.

For some time the inhabitants of Spilsby have been anxious concerning certain lights visible on Morden Hill, the highest point in the locality, and the matter had received the attention of the military and local police. Shortly stated, the facts discovered at last were that Bertie Whydle, who lived with his father in a "little old house" at the top of the hill, lighted himself home from his business late at night by the acetylene lamp on his bicycle. The police had warned him to be careful about this light. One night the light on his bicycle went out, "but," he explained to the court, "I had lent a lamp to the person at whose house I had been that night, and I brought it with me and carried it in my hand. The water was not running very well, but I had just unloosened it"—meaning the drip control—"and it might brighten up just as I reached home." Everybody who has any knowledge of acetylene lamps knows that this is a reasonable and adequate explanation. A policeman in West Keal village observed the light on Morden Hill; told the Court, in fact, that he saw it moving about, but he would not say there was deliberate signalling, and no such suggestion was made throughout the case. Again the young man gave a ready and reasonable explanation. "I will tell you how that might have been," he told the police officer. "Of course, when I got to the gate (of the house) I should hold the lamp up higher, and when I got to the house door inside the yard, where the lock is rather high, the light would twist round, as I had it in the same hand as I opened the door with." There was nothing more in the case as far as we can see; and we do not think we have omitted any material point.

Announcing the decision of the Bench, the Chairman said the magistrates regarded it as a serious case. There was no doubt this young man behaved carelessly and foolishly. Not only the evidence, but all the inferences from the evidence, negatives the idea that he behaved wickedly. He was not deliberately or consciously signalling to anybody; there is specially the fact in his favour that, leaving his work late at night, and living at the top of this high and apparently lonesome hill, he had to light his way to the house, though undoubtedly he did so against a specific police warning. We do not wish to minimise the danger, or condone the carelessness, or to deny the trouble he must have given to the police or the anxiety he must have caused the inhabitants, but we do say, there is nothing in the facts disclosed which justified the Bench in inflicting upon him a sentence of six months' imprisonment with hard labour. Not only is it vindictive, but it indicates on the part of the magistrates a deplorable lack of balance and measure in estimating the offence of the defendant, who is, by all accounts, a decent, hard-working young fellow, and the sole support of his aged father.

HARVESTING HOARDED HAIR.

ROOKED BY "REFINERS" OF RICHMOND STREET.

We have already had occasion to warn our lady readers against a sorry scoundrel who calls himself the London and County Hair Refiners, of 25, Richmond Street, St. Luke's, London. He is still at his old tricks. Some while ago he advertised in a Cardiff newspaper as follows:—

> HAIR Combings Wanted; value returned.

One of our lady readers who, unfortunately, had not read our paragraph, sent him a large quantity of hair in a box about 1 ft. square. The combings were in excellent condition and included a quantity which already had been made up into a plait. In return she received the following note, scribbled on a scrap of paper:—

> We are much obliged for your parcel of hair and enclose goods to value of same.
>
> Yours truly, LONDON REFINERS.

The "goods to value of same" consisted of two boxes of hair-wavers. This absurdly inadequate recompense was promptly returned, with a request for either the full value of the hair or its immediate return—failing which, exposure. As usual, "Refiners" has ignored the threat, stuck to the hair, and kept the two boxes of hair-wavers.

£1,000 again offered for Football. New Single-week Contest.

HOMER, THE HUN.

A DORSET BULLY AND A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Mr. George Wood Homer, of Bardolf Manor, Puddletown, Dorset, a farmer in a fairly large way of business, has had the good luck to receive a sound lesson in law and equity, to say nothing of justice and humanity, at quite a moderate cost. At the Dorchester County Court, he has been adjudged to pay £15 damages for trespass and wrongful eviction to William West, a labourer formerly in his employ. At the outbreak of war, West, who at one time was in the Army, rejoined the Colours, leaving his wife and several young children in a cottage which the farmer had for some time permitted the family to occupy rent free as an excuse for paying his man somewhat less than a living wage. The agreement under which the cottage was held was not timed to expire until LadyDay next, but in November last Mr. Homer sent a note to Mrs. West demanding possession of the premises upon the shortest notice. The good woman was rather troubled by this peremptory order, for by this time her grown-up son, who had also been in the farmer's employ, had joined the Dorset Territorials, leaving the mother to fend for herself and her younger children. However, she did her best to find another cottage, but suitable accommodation was difficult to come by, and it was impossible to arrange for immediate removal. The position was clearly explained to Mr. Homer, who, despite the urgent entreaties of his tenant, resolved upon a most heartless course of action. On the 18th of December, he arrived at the cottage with two of his labourers, seized and carried away the greater part of the household furniture, and threatened to bundle the whole family into the street. Ultimately, he relented to the extent of permitting Mrs. West and her children the shelter of a roof for the night, but the next morning he returned with unabated fury to the completion of his dirty work. Finding the front door locked, he burst his way into the cottage, and stripped it of its remaining moveables, leaving the unhappy woman to face the streets with her children, one of them a baby four months old. Meanwhile, West had been summoned by telegram from the barracks at Dorchester, and at length, through the good offices of the village policeman, the harassed family found temporary shelter in the house of a friendly neighbour.

"*More* Courtesy, and *Less* Purse."

Rightly to appraise the conduct of Mr. Wood Homer, it is necessary to remember that he is a man of considerable substance, a County Councillor for Dorset, a Guardian of the Poor, a former aspirant to Parliamentary honours, and altogether a prominent figure in the public life of the county. Lately, he seems to have identified himself with local recruiting appeals, carrying his pose of patriotism to the length of active association with a Volunteer Training Corps. In view of his conduct it is superfluous to enlarge upon the hollowness of these pretensions. Moreover, he knew, or should have known, that his action was flatly illegal, more especially in view of the recent provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, under which no distress or ejectment can be effected without the express sanction of a Court of law.

Cash and Credit.

For conduct of this sort the payment of £15 damages and costs can scarcely be considered an adequate penalty, but the wholesome publicity attaching to the County Court proceedings may perhaps serve to redress the balance of equity and to impress Mr. Homer with the enormity of his offence. We are willing to do the fullest justice to his position and to admit that he had a perfect right to claim possession of the Wests' cottage and to take all legal means for the enforcement of his demand. Had he applied to the Magistrates in the usual way for authority to eject the family we might have deplored the necessity for such a step, but we should have had no right to use such terms of reproach as we now deem it our duty to employ. By his reckless disregard of the law's provision, no less than by the cruel violence of his behaviour towards a defenceless woman, Mr. Homer has earned the wholesome contempt of his neighbours, and the indignant censure of every fair-minded man and woman. We could wish that Judge O'Connor had seen fit to voice these sentiments, but we respect the conspicuous fairness with which he conducted the County Court proceedings.

WHY McKINNON WOOD WOULDN'T.

PROSECUTION "SCOTCHED" BY SCOTTISH SECRETARY.

Last August, some London jewellers, who had supplied goods to Russell and Co., Ltd., of 58, Renfield Street, Glasgow, laid an information with the local police charging with fraud James Callander and John A. Horn, who constituted this private joint-stock company. The solicitors for the complainants placed themselves in frequent communication with the Fiscal Depute, but, despite their emphatic demands that some steps should be taken to have the matter investigated in Court, no satisfaction could be obtained. In the meanwhile, H. Russell and Co., Ltd., was placed in compulsory liquidation. The Liquidator continued to press the Crown authorities to prosecute the two men, and it was not until October that the Lord Advocate ordered criminal proceedings. A month later Horn was arrested, but it was found that Callander had gone to Canada. Just before Christmas, the Procurator Fiscal inquired of the complainants whether they were prepared to pay the cost of bringing Callander from Canada, the amount involved being estimated at a minimum of between £60 to £70, though it was intimated that in certain events it might be considerably more. This proposal was declined, it being pointed out that four months had already elapsed since the information was laid, and that it was hardly just to ask private citizens to pay for the remissness of the authorities. Thereupon the Crown decided to abandon the proceedings against Horn. The facts regarding Callander having been laid before the Secretary for Scotland, he denied that the delay in initiating proceedings had been "avoidable," and stated that, as regards extradition proceedings, it was only in exceptional cases that the cost was borne by the Crown—and that this particular instance did not come within the category.

We, of course, make no imputation upon the character of either of the parties implicated in the charge; for aught we know, they may have had a perfect answer—but, if the authorities did not think the evidence sufficient to warrant extradition proceedings at the public expense, why did they ask private individuals to bear it?

THE LAW AND MONEYLENDERS.

A PERTINENT POINT ON A POLITE EPISTLE.

The law provides that a moneylender must be registered under his own or usual trade name. Also that a person *lending without registration* incurs a liability to a fine of £100, a second or subsequent conviction entailing a liability to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

These facts add special interest to an autograph letter which lies before us, and which was addressed by W. Pearce, Private Land Agent, 11, York Street, St. James's Square, London, S.W., to a correspondent of ours in the Midlands. It runs as follows:—

> Sir,—I am not a moneylender. Having large funds available, I can arrange loans from £100 to £50,000 at interest not exceeding 5 per cent. per annum, and so long as the interest is paid the capital can remain. No inquiries made. Secrecy guaranteed. Urgent matters arranged same day. All correspondence strictly private.—Yours obediently,
>
> W. Pearce.
>
> N.B.—No transactions with minors.

According to the Act, the term "moneylender" shall include "every person whose business is that of moneylending, or who advertises or announces himself or holds himself out in any way as carrying on that business," but does not include pawnbrokers, or registered friendly, building, or loan societies empowered by special Act of Parliament to lend money, or any person *bona fide* carrying on the business of banking or insurance.

Now, there is nothing in Mr. W. Pearce's letter to suggest that he is either a pawnbroker, a registered friendly, building, or loan society, a banker, or an insurance company—in either of which capacities he would have been relieved from the necessity of registering. He says: "*I am not a* moneylender," and underlines the assertion. Yet the next sentence can certainly be read as imputing that he is able to lend money to those he addresses. We should like to receive Mr. Pearce's own explanation of it

The "John Bull" Pen is astonishing value! Send for one now.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Our French the French have honoured in
A manner more than rare—
He's the first Britisher to win
The *medaille militaire!*

The British workers on the Clyde
Who struck, nor cared a toss,
Have earned the right to wear with pride
The Kaiser's Iron Cross.

Our captured lads in Germany
Are treated worse than hounds,
Whilst here, to make Huns comfy, we
Spend thirteen-thousand pounds!

His lack of inches Little Tich
(Combined with dance and song)
Has earned an income passing rich
And letters eight feet long.

The German editor, at last,
Begins to realise
How strong our army is and vast,
And Tommy's giant size.

John Bull is very cross indeed,
Let it be understood,
With all who would attempt to feed
Our troops with tainted food.

VICARY AFTER VICTIMS.

THE LURE OF LUDGATE HILL.

We have, on occasion, criticised the methods of Vicary, Dent and Co., late of 29, Ludgate Hill, now in one room at No. 26, with a blue crayoned inscription on the door. We have shown the real worth of their wonderful watches, and have explained their natural methods of extracting half-dollars from the pockets of immature mugs; and we presume that our readers will harden their souls to the wooing of these watchful wanglers.

There is another danger, however, to fools who have money. An innocent advertisement appeared on February 9th last in a morning paper:—

> Lady or gentleman prepared to invest £100 with or without services, can secure sound opening in established business. Address, V. D., Box 4868.

V. D. represents the "Timepiece Tricksters," Vicary Dent, who declare that the £100 is required in connection with their business, which had a turnover last year of £2,667, the *nett* profit being £503. The nett profit represents, we presume, their haul of gudgeons. If Vicary Dent had a turnover of £2,667, then there were, indeed, plenty of mugs about. Anyhow, if anyone of our readers parts with the £100 he will be at once a fool and a rogue, a fool for parting with his money, and a rogue for attempting to participate in a time-piece swindle. It may be that the £100 is required to settle with people who have paid for watches without receiving them. From all we hear, Vicary Dent would appear to have troublous times ahead of them.

THE BIRTH.

[Announcement from a morning paper: "BIRTH.—On the —— inst., to ——, the wife of Captain —— (killed in action), a daughter.]

Under a little mound of Belgian clay
All that was mortal of a soldier lay,
On the pale brow Death's finger marking deep
The silent symbol of eternal sleep.

Yet a faint presence hovered o'er the grave,
The airy semblance of the stricken brave,
Seeming to speak, its earthly mission sped,
A mystic message from the loved one dead.

And, in a country far across the sea,
Struggled a woman in her agony;
Swift through the night there came on wings to her
A vision beautiful as comforter.

And, with the dream that was not of this earth,
Came the great wonder of miraculous birth;
When Death claimed hers it was decreed by Heaven
That a new life again to her be given.

To her, it seemed her spirit husband blessed
The wee, frail thing that nestled at her breast,
The little one, that smiled so soft in sleep—
That came to her because she must not weep.

RICHARD MORTON.

Don't forget to cut out the pen coupon. See page 2 of cover.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT ANANIAS.

POLICE MENDACITY UNREBUKED IN THE POTTERIES.

At the recent Quarter Sessions, Stoke-on-Trent, Charles and John Bladen, brothers, and a lad named Edward Webb, aged respectively 17, 15, and 13 years, were indicted for warehouse-breaking. Early in the proceedings the case for the prosecution collapsed, and at the direction of the Recorder the jury returned a triple verdict of "Not Guilty." Here the matter might well be left but for the extraordinary behaviour in the witness-box of Detective-Sergeant Cox, of the Stoke-on-Trent Police Force, and for certain interesting disclosures as to his earlier conduct which were permitted to transpire. At the close of the officer's evidence-in-chief, the following episode—we quote from a local press report—occurred :—

> Mr. Milward (for the defence) addressing the Recorder: I propose now, sir, before any other questions are asked to ask your leave to ask one question of this witness. It appears in the depositions, in a cross-examination in the middle of the examination-in-chief: (To witness) When you saw the three prisoners at Bladen's house, did you say to them, "It would be better for you if you told the truth"?
>
> Witness: No.
>
> Quite sure—Yes.
>
> Nothing of the sort?—No: quite certain.
>
> How long have you been in the Force?—Twelve years, about.
>
> Are you accustomed to depositions?—Yes.

The purpose of these interrogatories was at once apparent. At the Hanley Borough Police Court, where the three prisoners had been committed for trial, Detective-Sergeant Cox had made the following sworn statement, subsequently signing the depositions recording his words;—

> When I saw the three prisoners at Bladen's house I told them it would be better for them if they told the truth. At the police-station I again told the prisoners that the best thing they could do was to tell the truth.

By this conclusive testimony from his own teeth, the enterprising officer seems to have been momentarily non-plussed. Having read the depositions to the Court, the defending counsel returned to the attack :—

> How could you sign that if you did not say it?—I must have said so.
>
> Have you any doubt?—No answer.
>
> Did you say anything about it being better for them to tell the truth?—Yes, I did.
>
> Then you were quite wrong a moment ago?—Yes, I must have misunderstood you.

Having cleared up this unhappy "misunderstanding," counsel for the prisoners very properly submitted that the words in question were in the nature of a threat and that they therefore vitiated a "confession" which two of the lads were said to have made. In these circumstances the prosecution raised no objection to the acquittal of the prisoners, a course described by the Recorder as "a wise and merciful one." Wise it undoubtedly was—for if Detective-Sergeant Cox had gone much further, there is reason to believe that he might have fared infinitely worse—but we quite fail to recognise its mercy. The episode already noticed had stamped the detective as a wholly unreliable witness, while at a later point in the proceedings he was clearly caught out in a deliberate lie. Again we rely upon a local reporter :—

> Counsel: Did you tell these boys here that they had better tell the truth because you had got a man who had seen them do it?—No.
>
> Something like it?—No, I said that a man had seen them do it.
>
> That was a lie, was it not?—Yes.
>
> There was no such man?—No.
>
> No man had seen them get into the shop?—Not that I am aware of.
>
> When you said to these boys, "A man saw you get into the shop," you said what was not true?—I have said so once.
>
> Are you ashamed of yourself?—I am not the only one who has told a lie, I suppose.
>
> Are you ashamed?—No, I cannot say that I am.

This impudent confession of studied mendacity should have drawn a stern protest from the Recorder, who seems to have taken an altogether too lenient view of the detective's conduct. It would probably be difficult to make such a thick-skinned offender "ashamed of himself," but the Hanley Borough Police Force has excellent reason to be ashamed of Detective-Sergeant Cox.

"BEWARE OF THE BELGIANS."

FOUR FUSSY, FRETFUL FEMALES' FALSE FEARS.

Among a certain sort of British women—the fussy, fretful sort, to be precise—there is evidently an epidemic of Grundyism. In London's suburb of Streatham Hill it has developed a new sore, discovered by four dames of the district, Mrs. Edith Macdonald, 15, Tierney Road; Mrs. Charlick, 3, Tierney Road; Mrs. Standert, 12, Montrell Road; and Mrs. Saunders, 17, Montrell Road; whether they all belong to the same Bethel, or to the same vigilance society, or have been afflicted in the same way, is unknown to us. At any rate, these ladies have signed and widely distributed in the neighbourhood a circular, dated from the home of Mrs. Macdonald, alleging that "many complaints have already been made by householders in Tierney and Montrell Roads regarding the number of Belgian soldiers" (from the Government Convalescent Home on Streatham Hill) "who try to attract the attention of the domestic servants. As we feel sure these girls cannot be aware of the imprudence of speaking to these men, we, the members of this informal committee, venture to ask your help in this matter by impressing upon the maids the great risks they run in giving any encouragement to their advances." What precisely these convalescent Belgian soldiers do to attract the attention of domestic servants, how many people have complained and to whom, and what business it is in any case of this "informal committee" of four fussy feminines to interfere in the matter in this objectionable way, does not appear. Their obvious object is to impute evil where none may exist, or be even thought of. Surely the maids of Streatham Hill are quite as capable of looking after their own morals as their mistresses? Surely a Streatham Hill servant would hotly resent the contrary imputation if it were conveyed to her by her mistress on the appeal of Mrs. Macdonald and her fellow busybodies? In the mind of some of these meddlesome moralists a soldier, Belgian or other, wounded or fit, cannot even look at a girl—especially a servant girl—in the streets, unless he has designs upon her virtue to be combated by circulars, proclamations, and female patrols. We suppose that if anybody addressed a circular to Mrs. Macdonald or any of the other Grundys advising her to be careful of a moral sideslip, as Belgian soldiers are about, she would become hot in the cheeks and wrathful in the bosom. And she would have every right and every reason to be, for it would be a not less unwarrantable impertinence addressing it to them than it is for them to address it to servant girls through their mistresses.

WE CAUSE TROUBLE.

TOMMY SUFFERS FOR OUR "SINS."

We have actually been indirectly responsible for a soldier being summoned for using abusive language! The victim was John Lewis, of the Forest of Dean Battalion, now billeted at Coleford. His accusers were Inspector Honeybone (sweet name!) and P.C. Lee. Constable Lee stated that on the 6th February, at 11 p.m., he was on duty in the Market Place, in company with the Inspector, when he heard the defendant making use of bad language. He told him he would be reported, and he replied, "I am very sorry." The defendant explained to the Bench that he was only repeating some lines which appeared in John Bull of January 16th, and offered, with the magistrates' permission, to repeat in court what he was saying. If they then considered it to be bad language—well, all he could do was to throw himself on the mercy of the court. Inspector Honeybone having corroborated the evidence of Constable Lee, the defendant horrified the Bench by repeating the lines he had taken from our pages, and which had been sent to us by a High Wycombe correspondent:

> Blast the Kaiser, blast his Huns,
> Blast his ships and blast his guns;
> Blast him night and day as well,
> Blast the blasted lot to Hell.

When they had recovered sufficiently to put their heads together, the magistrates decided to adjourn the case in the hope that the defendant would improve his behaviour in the meantime. We now await, in some trepidation, the receipt of a summons for *printing* abusive language.

Fill in our Free Insurance coupon for yourself and each member of the family.

A BOGUS BALLOT.

THE SHOPS ACT AT STOKE-ON-TRENT.

We have never abated our objections to the Shop Hours Act in its present form, holding as we do that it has worked immense hardship to the small tradesman whose lot, at no time an enviable one, has been materially worsened by the shock of war. Unhappily, more than one municipal authority have lately seen fit to extend the vexatious operation of the Act, and in a Report lately presented by the Watch Committee of the Stoke-on-Trent Borough Council, the following clause appears:—

> The Town Clerk reported that as required by the Shops Act, he had given notice of the proposal of the Council to make a General Closing Order under the Act, and submitted objections and suggestions which he had received during the prescribed period. After considering such objections and suggestions, it was decided to recommend the Council to proceed with the Order, except so far as the same relates to the retail trade or business of a public auctioneer of any of the goods sold in the other trades or businesses mentioned in such Order. It was further decided that the Town Clerk take a vote of the occupiers of the shops to be affected by the Order as amended and that members of the police force be appointed to deliver and collect the voting papers.

It seems that the auctioneers had been able to exert a pretty vigorous "pull" upon the Council, although we do not for a moment dispute their claim to exemption. The proposed Order seeks to regulate shop hours throughout the week, and the probable effect of this sweeping measure is well illustrated by the following letter, addressed to a local correspondent who has warmly espoused the cause of the small shopkeepers in the Potteries district:—

> I thank you for your letter and trouble on our behalf. I am a widow with four children. On an average I take from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per day up to about 7 o'clock. After that, until closing time, when the large shops are closed, I take enough to keep my family—I will not say in comfort, but out of the workhouse. What I am to do if the Closing Order comes into force, goodness only knows.

The only remaining hope for such struggling traders, and there are many of them in the borough, lies in the chances of the ballot shortly to be taken; but we are bound to protest most strongly against the slovenly method of procedure suggested by the Watch Committee. It is clear that if the proposed referendum is to be anything more than a respectable farce, every shopkeeper, small or large, in the borough should be circularised by post, and a form of reply prepaid. Instead, the Committee propose to rely upon more or less haphazard delivery and collection by the local police, who might, we should think, be more usefully employed. From a letter recently published by the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, we gather that the proposal of the Committee has not escaped local criticism. Referring to a former occasion upon which the same unsatisfactory method was adopted, the writer observes:—

> In the entire borough there are hundreds of little by-streets with shops in, which the constable in his daily patrol of the main thoroughfares never comes in contact with, and is perhaps ignorant of their existence, or perhaps the constable entrusted had not been long in the district and was not thoroughly conversant with it, for there were many who did not receive voting papers at all.

Obviously, such a slipshod mode of procedure must have vitiated the whole result of the poll. If the Stoke-on-Trent Borough Council are resolved to pursue their untimely project, they might at least take pains to ensure a fair and honest appeal to the suffrage of the traders concerned.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

VISITORS TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS APPEAL TO US.

A deputation from the sick and wounded soldiers in King's College Hospital have approached us with the complaint that on visiting days one friend only at a time is admitted, the remainder waiting out in the cold. Probably the authorities do not wish to have the wards crowded, but it seems to us that the rule might be altered, or some shelter provided for the waiting queue, most of whom have come long distances to visit their stricken friends and relatives.

OUR HEALTH AND COMFORT SCHEME.

UNIQUE GIFT TO OUR FIGHTING MEN ON SEA AND LAND.

As will be seen from the announcement on another page, we are opening a fund for the presentation to our brave soldiers and sailors of a wonderful parcel of first-class articles, which cannot fail to contribute materially to their comfort and health. The various makers of the goods are all-British, whilst the variety of commodities included provides for practically every want which has not been supplied by the Government, or of which the official allowance is scanty. The purchase price of the parcel, if procured in the ordinary way, would be 7s. 6d., but in return for 5s. the whole nine high-class articles will be dispatched to any soldier or sailor nominated by a reader of this journal, the carriage being undertaken gratuitously by the Queen Alexandra Field Force Fund, an organisation which exists for the purpose of conveying comforts to our men at the Front or on the seas.

It is hoped that every man in the Army and Navy, at home and abroad, will be furnished with one of these unique parcels, and for this purpose we shall be glad to receive subscriptions, every penny of which will go in the purchase of the commodities urgently needed by our fighting forces.

This is by far the biggest and most generous effort ever made by any journal to help our brave soldiers and sailors. There is nothing "trashy" about the goods included; every article is substantial in quantity and unexcelled in quality, whilst the method of packing ensures against deterioration owing to heat or moisture.

No profit is being made out of these goods by anybody, the manufacturers supplying them at cost price. Parcels cannot, therefore, be sold to civilians.

In view of the official channel through which the goods will be dispatched, the greatest confidence may be felt in their prompt receipt by those to whom they are addressed.

The scheme hardly needs commendation—its unique merits are obvious.

We shall be glad to receive either orders for parcels to be sent to individual members of the Army or Navy, accompanied by a remittance of 5s. each, or subscriptions of any amount, the latter being duly acknowledged either in these columns or by post.

GOD AND THE GERMANS.

THE PREACHER AND THE WAR'S PUNISHMENT.

We dearly love the parson or priest who preaches commonsense. Therefore it is refreshing to harken to Canon Everingham, of Bristol, who recently proclaimed from the pulpit, "I am perfectly shocked to hear it said that God Almighty has sent this war to us in order to punish us on account of our many sins and because we have disregarded the Commandments of God. Let us be real; let us face facts; let us speak the truth. God Almighty did not send the war. Germany did. If you like you may put it in this way: God Almighty has permitted the war to come upon us, and it will be an awfully costly and sore trial to us, but God has not sent the war to punish us."

If the punishment theory be a correct one, the greatest sinners ought to receive the greatest punishment. Judged by its reward, Belgium must have been the country of harlots and helots rather than the home of heroines and heroes. We Britons must similarly have been a comparatively saintly lot, seeing that, up to now, our punishment, comparatively speaking, has been none too severe.

Canon Everingham is right. There are far too many religious eccentrics wandering around arguing God's wrath into every evil which befalls us. As he says: "If God, who is the righteous Judge, has to select either Germany or England to rule the world, there cannot be a question which He will select. Why? Because Germany has shown us what she is, and her deeds of the past six months will never be forgotten."

Truly, if German sin can bring its condign punishment, then the martyrdom of Belgium shrieks to Heaven for vengeance. No, the war is *not* our punishment. It is God's call to us to be His avengers.

Ours is the most generous Free War Insurance. ALL risks covered.

DOWNING DOWNED.

WHITE-HAIRED NIGGER BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

War has its swindles no less renowned than peace, and among the villainous humbugs who have endeavoured to exploit a nation's cause for their own ends, Henry Francis Downing, recently convicted at Bow Street Police Court, stands forth prominently. He was built for the part; with a face as black as his deeds he combined the white hair of benevolence—and could anything look more benevolent than a white-haired nigger? Had his heart been as spotless as his hair he would have passed down the corridors of time as a splendid modern "Uncle Tom." When we interviewed him last October, in connection with one of his sauciest swindles, he was describing himself as a playwright and novelist, and he could well have acted the villain's part in any play, as most assuredly he could "tell the tale." The sufferings of war-time gave him his cue. He played upon national sentiment in addressing the housewives of London through a pathetic appeal. He had discovered that there were great numbers of women necessitous because of the war, and he was "endeavouring to enable these *willing workers* to earn sufficient to support themselves and their dependents" by handing out a precious play to the sympathetic. Nominally that was his game. In reality his "masterpiece" was but an introduction to sell his trashy handkerchiefs.

THE PLAYERS' AND PLAYWRIGHTS' PROJECT.

Although he was a cunning and crafty schemer, the white-haired coon had one tiny bacillus of honesty in his system. It was developed beneath the powerful glass of our Special Commissioner's examination. He candidly confessed that he expected to lap more than the mere milk of human kindness by his endeavours. He was helping his protégés largely to help himself—for, besides expecting to recoup his out-of-pocket expenses, he hoped "to make a little" out of his philanthropy.

Since that auspicious occasion, the white-haired nigger has never let the bright light of charity grow dim within him. It shone resplendent in his every *ruse de guerre*. His Players' and Playwrights' Association programme to "benefit" the British Red Cross Society fizzled out because he was pulled up, suddenly, for exploiting the Red Cross on his collecting cards. Then followed the swindle which we exposed last October.

The benevolence of this white-pated American "bunco-steerer" was colossal. The Players' and Playwrights' Association swindle yielded £2 to the Red Cross Society Funds! Of course Downing had deducted his "expenses," before parting with that mammoth sum.

THE WILLING WORKERS' WANGLE.

Connected with his Willing Women Workers' scheme was his Christmas Pudding project. He was to bombard the trenches with his puddings, so that our Tommies should have a gay time. The benevolent old humbug admitted having collected £42. Incidentally his expenses were £39, a mere bagatelle when we consider the pleasure to be imparted to our troops by puddings to the value of £3. Unfortunately in this case he was unable to give details of his expenses.

Our October warning was well founded. Mr. Hopkins, the Bow Street Magistrate, emphasised it when fining the hoary-headed swindler £25 with 10 guineas costs. As he pointed out, it is one of those cases which are typical of the present times. This patriotic American nigger started a war fund. It was a wholly unauthorised, unofficial collection. It failed utterly, not a penny going to the purpose for which the money was subscribed. In fact Darky Downing is a rogue and a vagabond, a villainous old scamp who has exploited a good cause for his own nefarious ends.

We would not have dwelt so fully on the rascality of this degraded old renegrade were we not convinced that his swindle is typical of many being engineered all over the kingdom by soulless scamps.

His case should serve as a warning to the innocent folk who are only too ready to contribute to any charitable fund which has the magic word "War" attached to it. We have done with Downing, but we fear we shall still have many blackguards following in his footsteps. Be wary of all non-official "War" schemes.

ROBBED OF HIS RIGHTS.

"APPROVED" APATHY AND PHANTOM BENEFITS.

We constantly hear of members of Approved Societies having sunered material loss through ignorance of their rights and the absence of competent advice. Thus, in a case lately brought to our notice, a contributor, insured with an Approved Society, enjoyed only twenty-six weeks' bene..t in respect of an illness of nfteen months' duration, which terminated fatally in January last. A correspondent furnishes us with the following particulars of the patient's position:—

> The man was badly injured and permanently disabled from work in October, 1913. To that date he had regularly paid his contributions. He received full benefits for 26 weeks up to April, 1914. Benefits then stopped, and through some inexplicable ignorance he made no move to see if further benefits could be obtained, resting satisfied with some chance intimation from the Insurance Agent that "no more stamps need be affixed."

We are disposed to agree with our informant that "an insured person is practically a client of his Approved Society, which should look after his interests," and we are at a loss to know why this poor fellow was not more considerately guided by the representative of his Society. Having received sickness benefit for the full term of twenty-six weeks and being still unfit for work, he would, in given circumstances, have been entitled to a disablement allowance of 5s. per week, and it was clearly the duty of the Society to place him in the way of obtaining this desirable boon. It would probably have been necessary for him to refund a portion of his sickness bene..t in order that he might be credited with the two years contribution required by the Act as a condition of disablement bene..t. That he would have contrived to afford this expense, had its importance been impressed upon him, is evident from a later paragraph of our correspondent's letter:—

> He would certainly have paid back so as to make up the 104 weeks' contribution required by the Act, had he known he would get 5s. a week onwards during incapacity by so doing. I would willingly have advanced him the wherewithal to do so.

It is clear then that, with a timely hint from his Society, the patient might have rendered himself eligible for disablement benefit as from July, 1914. At this time there was no reason to anticipate his early decease, and consequently no vestige of excuse for the apathy of the officials, who, when invited by our correspondent to re-open the case, evinced a deplorable inability to grasp the plain requirements of the situation. Our friend tersely summarises the barren results of his neighbourly efforts:—

> First they wrote for the member's number, which they must have had on their books. I sent it at once, and three weeks later they wrote to say that they could do nothing as they had not received the number asked for. They then sent a representative to see me, which wasted another week, while a reference to the London Office accounted for nearly two weeks more. In the meantime the man died.

We have inspected copies of the correspondence, and can testify that this bald summary of the negotiations is in no sense unwarranted. Having been permitted to handle National Insurance business in competition with Friendly Societies, these large Insurance Corporations should at least be compelled to pay due regard to the interests of the insured.

RECRUITING THE POSTAL SERVICE.

THE MARRIED FOR WAR—THE SINGLE FOR WORK.

From time to time our attention is drawn to the fact that in recruiting various departments, as a result of the War-drainage, the Government set a bad example in employing single enlistable men to fill the places of married men who have thought it their patriotic duty to join Lord Kitchener's Army. A case in point is at Altrincham, where we are informed about twenty-one married postmen have enlisted, leaving in many cases a family behind them, their places being filled by single men fit to join the army. "I know at least eight of them in this town," says our correspondent, and he asks, "Now, don't you think this is shameful?" We certainly think it is not a good precedent on the part of the Government.

30 claims now paid under our Free War Insurance. See page 22.

MESSRS. ODHAMS LTD., THE PUBLISHERS OF "JOHN BULL"

ANNOUNCE THE ISSUE OF

A New Topical Weekly

How the allies view the enemy.
How the enemy views the allies.
How neutrals view both.

No. 1

OUT

TUESDAY NEXT,

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The new penny weekly—THE PASSING SHOW—you should not miss for worlds. The smartest and brightest penny periodical ever produced.

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Order your copy to-day!

CATOR'S CURIOUS CAPERS.

SCHOOL FOR STEWARDS AND SHILLING SNATCHING.

Some of our readers possibly may have seen the following advertisement in the newspapers:—

> ALL Desirous of Becoming STEAMSHIP STEWARDS should Communicate Personally, or add. envelope, Chief Steward, Unity House, Spellow-ln., Walton, L'pool.

Anyhow, it caught the eye of a young man who had failed to pass the Army medical test. He thought that here might be found an outlet for his energies, as well as a more or less lucrative livelihood. Residing some distance from Liverpool, he sent an "add. envelope" to the Chief Steward, who retorted in the following terms:—

> DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour of the — inst., we may say that a personal interview is necessary, to save you the expense of a journey we would advise you to send for the "STEWARDS' GUIDE," which will furnish you with all the information necessary, and will also explain to you the reason for a personal interview.
>
> Send us a P.O. for 1s. and a stamp for postage and per return we will forward you the "STEWARDS' GUIDE" with rules.
>
> Should you prefer a personal interview we will be pleased to see you any time.—Yours faithfully,
>
> M. A. CATOR.
>
> For 25 years a Chief Steward on Liners.

A shilling seeming a small sum to pay for "all the information necessary" to become a steward, our young friend sent the amount, together with a penny stamp, and in due course received the "STEWARDS' GUIDE with rules." Its arrival gave him a nasty jar, and its perusal has afforded us much amusement. It was a four-leaved pamphlet about 3 in. square, and on its front page professed to explain "How to become a Steward, How to obtain a Berth, and How to advance in the profession." Under the heading of "How to become a Steward," we are informed that it can be done "By applying at the above Institution, becoming members and strictly following the rules and regulations." This directed our attention to the "General Rules of the School," to wit:—

> 1. A candidate must be of good character.
>
> 2. When a candidate's name is entered in the School Register he becomes a member, and a fee of £1 1s. will be charged.
>
> 3. The said fee will entitle a member to remain attendant at the School until such time as the Instructor considers him efficient for a position as a sea-going steward, etc.

To reproduce the whole of the fourteen rules is not to our purpose. What we want to know is, why does Cator charge 1s. for an advertising pamphlet (for the "Stewards' Guide" is little, if anything, more) which merely contains a few moral maxims and strong advice to become at once a member of his School? Indeed, the pamphlet may be summed up in this way:—How to become a Steward—Join Mr. Cator's Academy. How to obtain a Berth—Join Mr. Cator's Academy. How to advance in the Profession—Join Mr. Cator's Academy. Is it necessary, is it wise, is it honest to charge 1s. for that reiterated advice? We think it is neither, and we further think that Mr. Cator would give a stronger impression of sincerity if he were to abolish the totally unjustifiable charge and distribute his advertising literature free through the post like any other business man touting for customers. Moreover, in his first communication Mr. Cator distinctly says that "To save you the expense of a journey we would advise you to send for the 'Stewards' Guide.'" And yet paragraph 6 of the said guide points out plainly enough that a personal interview is essential before a candidate can become a member of the School. That is a little inconsistency which gives us a distinctly bad impression, and we would welcome Mr. Cator's explanation of it. As a matter of fact, we believe that such berths as those of stewards and stewardesses on liners are seldom given to persons unknown to the chief officials of the lines, being generally reserved for the relatives of people already in the service.

It will be observed that Mr. Cator follows the example of other people making a living out of landlubbers who believe that the emoluments of a steward will soon enable them to retire on their savings—all these mentors being careful to offer only "information" and "instruction," and not to procure situations. Recent legislation has imposed salutary inspection and registration upon employment agencies, whilst the Board of Trade also keeps an eye upon seamen.

MAXIMS FOR MAXUM.

"COMPETITION JUDGE'S" BAD JUDGMENT.

We have before us dozens of copies of an imitation typewritten circular recently sent broadcast throughout the country by H. Maxum, the self-styled "Competition Judge," of 18, Child Street, Earl's Court, London, S.W. "Dear Competitor," he opens sweetly, "knowing you to be a keen competition enthusiast, but one whose efforts have probably fallen victim to a questionable system of adjudicature, I think I am in a position to do you a good turn if you will lend me your assistance." Maxum proceeds: "I have in my possession a few special solutions, evolved on certain lines, for this week's competitions, and if they are entered strictly in accordance with my instructions I am practically certain big prizes will be captured. Though not selfish [Pass the salt, please.—ED.], I should dearly like to enter all these efforts myself, but there's my difficulty. If they are all sent in from one address only one prize can be secured in each contest." One might have thought that an unselfish man *would* have been content with one prize in each contest. But "a fair field and no favour" does not appear to be one of Maxum's maxims. He continues: "Therefore, if all the chances are to be realised, I am compelled to part with these valuable solutions, and will do so at the rate of 2 for 5s." How sublimely unselfish! Maxum is evidently qualifying for a stained-glass window or a niche in a cathedral. "If, however," he pursues, "you wish to grasp this opportunity, you must kindly promise to observe the following conditions:—

> To enter the actual coupon I shall supply (with solutions already written on), making no alteration whatever to my WRITING OR MARKINGS.
>
> To enter same from YOUR OWN ADDRESS AND IN YOUR OWN NAME.
>
> To maintain absolute secrecy concerning the efforts until after closing date.
>
> To pay me 20 per cent. commission (4s. in £) on any prize coming to your address as a result of my efforts on your behalf.

We fancy we can see the wheeze here. Maxum's idea is to give his dupes the impression that either he or his confederates will be engaged in judging the competitions, and will give pre-arranged preference to the coupons written upon and marked by Maxum himself. In the following paragraph he very artfully contrives to provide himself with a loophole for escape from the foregoing suggestion, whilst doubtless wishing it to remain. He says:—

> As a genuine COMPETITION JUDGE (£1,000 forfeited if this statement is proved untrue) you'll agree that I have had many opportunities for "learning the ropes." In fact, I'm up to "all the tricks," so to speak, and you can appreciate I would not risk my reputation by making wild statements. I am well aware why you have had so many failures; yet possibly you are not.

This is a masterstroke, suggesting that he has had those failures through his hands in the quality of adjudicator.

If H. Maxum is not very careful he will bring himself under suspicion of conspiracy. But whatever be his correct description, all who send him 5s. for two efforts, and enter into his questionable contract, will be fools.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S WISH.

The following interesting letter from Mr. Frank Wilson Hill, of Earlham Rise, is a splendid tribute to the popularity of our journal amongst the soldiers:—

> It may perhaps interest you to know that when as a Red Cross man I was seeing a batch of badly wounded soldiers into their beds at our Norfolk and Norwich Hospital in the early hours of this morning, on my asking one of the boys what I could do to help him his reply was that he *would* like to see his JOHN BULL. Needless to say I am sending him the current and some back numbers, but if you ever do have a few current supplies to spare, and if you are disposed to let me have some, I will gratefully distribute them among the men, who will be highly delighted. As a constant reader of "J.B.," I quite appreciate their enthusiasm.

It is hardly necessary to say that it has given us much pleasure to instruct our Publishers to send Mr. Hill a weekly parcel of copies, for distribution in the way suggested.

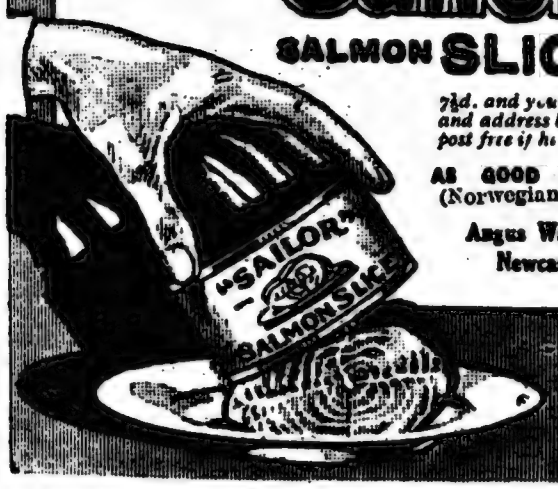
"Bullets" Monster Easter Egg! See new great offer page 36.

5/- worth of Salmon for 1/-

You may buy two pounds of fresh salmon, but you only really eat about one pound of it. The rest disappears in waste and shrinkage.
But with **"Sailor"** Slice you eat practically everything inside the tin—a pound of **"Sailor"** is 16 ounces nourishment and delight—a pound of **"Sailor"** which costs about 1/- is equal in eating value to nearly 5/- worth of fresh salmon.

In cooking much of the goodness of fresh salmon is drawn off into the water. Many people therefore *actually prefer* the "Sailor" flavour, it is fuller, finer, truer. This is because **"Sailor"** is cooked in *sealed* tins, and nothing can escape.

Sailor
SALMON SLICE



7½d. and your grocer's name and address bring you a tin post free if he does not sell it.

AS GOOD AS SKIPPER (Norwegian) SARDINES.

Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-T.

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DRAWN WIRE **LAMPS**

Their quality is based on the technical knowledge of the leading experts who have devoted years of study to the art of lamp manufacture. They are made in England by British workpeople.

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Obtainable from all leading Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.
(Wholesale only) The General Electric Co., Ltd., 67, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

FOR COUGHS. Owbridge's Lung Tonic FOR COLDS.

The British Remedy.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

The best known remedy for
COUGHS & COLDS
Invaluable to SPEAKERS, SINGERS and all who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS.

CAUTION:
Ask for "Owbridge" and take no substitute.

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.,
Manufacturers, The Laboratory,
HULL.
Established 1874.

Put Influenza out of action with BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

c. H. P.

HAREM—AND SCARE 'EM.

A NATION DAMNED.——EUROPE'S LEPER SPOT REMOVED.

By A. G. Hales.

The importance of the combined movement of the Allied Fleets in the Dardanelles cannot be over-estimated. It means, in the end, the capture of Constantinople, and the wiping out for ever of the seat of Ottoman Government in Europe, the removal of a political pest, and to a very great extent the ending of all those Balkan troubles which have kept the whole of Europe trembling upon the edge of war for a generation past. There has virtually been no peace in the Near East ever since the Sultan raised his standard above the minarets and spires of the most picturesque city on the face of the globe. Of all the cities I know, and I am familiar with many, Constantinople is the most vividly quaint and the most artistically appealing. It is a city of light and shade; it represents in a measure the twilight of the ages, blending the past with the present, as evening links day and night. For a century it has been the home of intrigue, lust and oppression, and if it is now fated to be swept by fire and sword, and riven by shot and shell, it will only reap what its rulers and inhabitants have sown. There is no wickedness—individual, national or communal—that has not been hatched and carried into effect within its walls; rapine, pillage, murder, trickery and every abomination of the old and fetid East flourished there even when a veneer of Western civilisation crept in to hide the dead bones and the corrupt things below the surface.

Fertile Soil.

Constantinople, with its soil rank with crime, was a fitting place for the "Kultur" of Germanic twentieth century civilisation to take root; in soil so rank "Kultur" so foul was sure to flourish; the modern Hun and the unspeakable Turk were twin in soil, and the shibboleth of the one was understandable of the other. It was in this beautiful city, whose walls are washed by the Bosphorus, that the wholesale assassination of the Bulgar race was planned, possibly the most stupendous murder ever conceived in the history of the earth. Strangely enough it was England and Germany, represented by Disraeli and Bismarck, who prevented the utter extermination of the Bulgar people—not, however, before murders were perpetrated so grim and great that the world shuddered and stood aghast. I saw hundreds of skulls dug up from the charred ruins of one church alone, where women and children had rushed for safety. That in itself is horrible evidence of the rule of the Turk, but it is only an episode in one of the most devilish chapters of human history. Almost every nation, great and small, has at one time or another been embroiled in war through machinations brought to birth at Constantinople; there can be no lasting peace, no security, until this nest of arch-plotters is wiped out, and the city with its commanding position given into the keeping of a protectorate of the Allied nations. The Turkish capital has not fallen yet; it may not fall as easily as some of the writers seem to imagine, but fall—or be surrendered—to our fleet it must in time. There may be some desperate land battles before it becomes ours, and others immediately after, for the Turk has an army that must not be despised, and though the Turkish soldier has to a great extent been ruined and demoralised by the attempt made to graft Germanic methods on to the Asiatic temperament, he is still no despicable opponent in the field. There can be no question now concerning the future mastery of this, one of the most important cities in the whole universe; commanding the waterway which controls the earth's greatest granary.

The Turk Must Go.

The city which made such a fitting setting for Abdul the Damned and a hundred other rulers as conscienceless as he, must, in no circumstances, slip back into Asiatic control. The Turk *must* go out of Europe, and his rule in Asia must be limited. There is no British workman who has not a close personal interest in the fate of Constantinople at this juncture, for if it falls, and the waterway it commands passes under the control of the Allies, wheat and flour from Russia and the whole of the Black Sea littoral will pour into Britain, and the bread market of this country should never again in our time be at the mercy of harpies in other lands, who form and control wheat rings, buying up in advance, for the sake of cornering grain and making profits out of the poor. And it is the solemn duty of our present Government to make at once adequate provision against the large and influential gang of British manipulators who will surely strive to take undue advantage of the influx of grain to this country when the Dardanelles are forced, and all the vast supplies of grain stored at Odessa and adjacent spots are set free. Those lovely "patriots" who, to fill their own pockets, have been speculating in grain and forcing wheat prices up ever since the war broke out, will be on the horns of a dilemma as soon as flour pours in from the Black Sea littoral and Russia proper. They will move Heaven and earth to keep prices up, and so rob the families of the men who have been fighting for their country's salvation. If the Government permits them to do so, then the Government is shameless, incompetent or corrupt. A short Bill can be passed quickly through the Commons, grappling with this difficulty, and preventing the plundering of the people who have already been victimised more than enough through this special brand of rascality. Our sailors are risking their lives every hour in the Dardanelles. Our ships, paid for with public money, are being risked also to clear this waterway, mainly that Russian and Black Sea littoral wheat may get cheaply and quickly to the mass of the British public, and it is neither right nor proper that speculators should reap the profits purchased by the nation's blood and treasure. The time to speak out plainly is *now*; the time to act is *now*—not later on, after the unclean thing has been done. So far as we are permitted to know, our losses over the Dardanelles job have been infinitesimal, but at the time of writing much remains to be done; it may be a long, slow task; better that it should be so than that one fine ship and a gallant crew should be lost. The enemy may have stored a mass of their most dangerous mines near Constantinople, to loose them on the strong current that runs in that vicinity when there is bad weather. This may be their plan—to sink or disable as many of our ships as possible, but we know the men in charge of our fleet. Our men are doing a job that all the world has said was practically impossible; they have to contend with mines, forts, submarines, warships and treacherous currents, and they have a crafty foe to outwit and outfight.

But if it takes a week or a month, we are going to sweep that highway clean, and remove from Europe the curse of centuries.

JOHN BULL'S BIG PARCEL OF
Health & Comfort
FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

At last our new Army is being drafted to the Front. Our sons—our brothers—our chums will now face the enemy. Our thoughts will now—more than ever—be hourly with those brave men—our intimate friends—who have gone forth to face the dangers of shot and shell. It is the duty of each one of us to provide the little "extras" that add so much to their Health and Comfort. These brave men are sacrificing all for our welfare. Think of the headaches caused by the roar of the guns, the bitter cold in the trenches, the rheumatism which follows, the sore feet caused by forced marches, the need of dry matches on a lonely billet or outpost. These and other troubles will disappear for the men who obtain the "John Bull" packet. It is little enough that we can do to make our Service-men's lives endurable, but at least we can mitigate the physical discomforts of the camp, the trench, or the sea. This consideration has inspired JOHN BULL to organise, with the co-operation of certain patriotic firms, a great parcel of Health and Comfort for the troops, which will contain just those "extra" articles the soldiers are clamouring for.

JOHN BULL readers are asked to put their hearts into this great Health and Comfort-giving scheme to make it a quick success. Every soldier and sailor must get one of these parcels. To achieve this object will demand the whole-hearted co-operation of every JOHN BULL reader. Thus only can we reach the million mark.

Every JOHN BULL reader can assist in making this Fund a great National offering to the men. Success will only be achieved if every reader joins actively in the work. Send 6d. or 1s. or 2s. 6d., or 5s., or £1 or £10 or more. Every penny is needed if every soldier is to obtain a Health and Comfort parcel.

If you send 5s. we will forward one complete parcel to your particular soldier friend in France, or to a sailor in the Navy. Send 10s., and we will forward two complete parcels, and so on.

7/6 worth of
COMFORTS
for 5/-

Each parcel will contain a specially packed soldiers' campaigning jar of
BOVRIL
A complete packet of
THERMOGENE
for rheumatism back-ache and colds
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
The antiseptic soap which every soldier should have.
A tin of
SPHAGNOL
for sore feet, wounds and all skin troubles.
A specially designed sealed Service Match Tin with 12 boxes of
BRYANT & MAY'S SAFETY MATCHES
complete with a novel Service Match-Box Cover which protects the matches and box from damp and hard usage.
KEPHALDOL
invaluable for headaches and neuralgia
KEATING'S POWDER
urgently required by all men in trench and camp.
BLACK CAT CIGARETTES
AND
A New, handy English-French Dictionary, with simple words and phrases of daily service at the front.
A special tin of Jas. Pascall, Ltd., delicious sweets,
BULL'S EYES
The soldiers' favourites.

Invite all your friends to co-operate and get them to join you in sending a number of parcels. You can have them despatched to one Battalion or to various Battalions. Only by the whole-hearted co-operation of every reader can we succeed in giving every soldier and sailor this great Health and Comfort parcel.

Enclose your card or a written message, which will be packed in the parcel. "Tommy" and "Jack" will appreciate that packet all the more if you send it with a message of good cheer. He will no doubt reply and thank you. That will be a treasure worth having.

The parcel of Comforts will be assembled, packed and despatched bythe Queen Alexandra Field Force Fund. Thus your Parcel will be cared for and despatched by an officially recognised organisation.

Now it only remains for JOHN BULL readers to send in their postal orders or cheques. Don't delay your subscriptions. Prove at once to the men that you are thinking and caring for them. Prove it by subscribing and getting your friends to subscribe to this Fund—at once. JOHN BULL takes on to its shoulders, with the assistance of the Queen Alexandra Field Force Fund, all the trouble and worry of despatching the goods. Enclose your subscription (large or small) in an envelope, with your message, addressed to :—

THE EDITOR, **"SOLDIERS' COMFORT," "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.**,

and when writing state clearly the soldier's Name, Rank, Regimental Number, and Battalion. Give at once and you will give Health, Comfort, and some happiness to the soldiers. They will fight your battles the better. The victory will be the sooner So give to-day.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Majesty King George V.

Sir,—I am happy to know that your gracious design of visiting a section of the Grand Fleet—of which I was able some time since to apprise my readers—has at length been successfully accomplished. I need not remind you that the officers and men of the Royal Navy, like their comrades of the sister service, are animated by the warmest sentiments of loyalty to the Throne, and I can imagine nothing more calculated to foster such devotion than the practical interest in their welfare which you have so actively displayed. With deep respect, I thank you for your inspiring example in these hours of unparalleled stress, and beg you to believe that the bond between the Empire and the Crown was never closer than it is to-day. God save your Majesty! John Bull.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., British Premier, Downing Street, London.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—It is with very mixed feelings, perhaps with astonishment uppermost, that I am cognisant of the appeal of Sir Edward Goschen, our late Ambassador in Berlin, for the "relatively small sum of £2,000 or £3,000" in order to relieve the pressing necessities of "our fellow-subjects now detained or interned in Germany." I will be plain about this matter. I regard it as a damned shame that a Government which has spent thousands of pounds on purchasing and furnishing *de luxe* the palatial Donington Hall for the solace, comfort, and pleasure of German officers, giving them rich carpets whereon to tread and billiard-tables wherewith to while away their happy hours, should leave to a late British Ambassador the thankless task of cadging through the public Press for a paltry £3,000 to relieve the "exceptional hardships" of my fellow-countrymen detained in an enemy land against their will. Sir Edward Goschen says that, unfortunately, these cases cannot be dealt with out of the relief funds advanced by the Government. It is unfortunate, truly. It is something more than unfortunate; it is so shocking a contrast to the open-handed levity with which the money of British taxpayers is being squandered on luxurious lodgings and delectable dietary for Germans in this country, as to amount to an offence against dignity and decency. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear Mr. Churchill,—I need hardly say with what satisfaction I have learned of the spirited exploits of the Allied Fleets in the Dardanelles. I am fully alive to the important consequences which must result from the completion of the task thus brilliantly commenced, and I eagerly anticipate the investment of Constantinople by the joint forces of the Triple Entente. The final expulsion of the Turk from Europe will be hailed with satisfaction by the whole civilised world, and to the bold originators of this daring feat of arms the cordial thanks of Christendom will be due. I sincerely trust that the hazardous venture may be crowned with complete success.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

Dear Mr. Law,—I hail you as a complete convert to the Business Government idea. For a long time you have halted on the brink, but at length you have taken the plunge. If you had been in power at the outbreak of war you would have "hunted up the best business man in the House of Commons or outside, put him at the War Office"—and given him a free hand. In short, having chosen a soldier to direct the military side of the campaign, you would have selected a man of affairs for the commercial part of the business—the very plan which I have consistently advocated both in these columns and on the platform. I need hardly say how deeply I rejoice to find you in this state of grace. In our first Business Government we must try to find you a niche. Let me know which office you fancy—*and the terms*. John Bull.

To the Hon. W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Secretary,—Of your honest desire to preserve strict neutrality in the present crisis I have never had a doubt, nor have I concealed from myself the manifold difficulties of your position. Perhaps, therefore, you will permit me to commend the recent decision of the American Congress in regard to the alleged provisioning of German cruisers by vessels flying the United States Flag. I gather that for the future these operations will be severely discouraged, the President being authorised to employ all needful force for the suppression of such contraband trade. The action of Congress in a matter vital to British interests will be warmly appreciated by my countrymen, who are deeply anxious that in the stress of war the friendly relations between our two peoples should continue unimpaired. John Bull.

To Brigadier-General John Seely, M.P., Cavalry Division, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Dear "Jack,"—Whatever may be said of rival claims to your new command, I am heartily glad to know that you have at length found worthy scope for your fine soldierly capacities, and I am by no means surprised to learn that your appointment is highly popular with the Canadian troops. I trust that, under your gallant leadership, they may soon find opportunities of sturdy service in the cause of the Allies, and, meanwhile, I beg you to express to them my deep sense of the value of their assistance voluntarily rendered to the Empire in her hour of supreme need. May all good fortune attend you—and them. John Bull.

E. S. Fordham, Esq., J.P., West London Police Court.

Dear Cadi,—You are reported to have said the other day that, "If a man marries a woman, it does not mean that he has to be home early every night." Thousands of hen-pecked, curtain-lectured husbands will thank you for those beautiful words. The man who of old summoned, with trepidation, his wife to the telephone to tell her, with tears in his voice, that he would be "detained at the office till late," will now take heart of grace, and his courage in both hands, and scorn to make fictitious excuses. The sentiment you expressed was not new to me personally, but to hundreds of young husbands it will come as a blessed novelty, filling their souls with gratitude for the gospel of reasonable liberty you have preached on their behalf. What the war *is* responsible for, to be sure!

John Bull.

To Sergeant Charles Mayes, H.M.S. "Kent."

Gallant Sir,—The simple story of your valour, as told in the dispatch of Vice-Admiral Sturdee, moves me to add my word of respectful acclaim to the plaudits of an admiring nation. In the course of the Falkland Islands fight you dashed, at the imminent peril of your life, into a hell of flaming cordite. Single-handed you fought and conquered the fiery menace, thereby saving your good ship from disaster. For this heroic act you have received the high praise of your grateful Admiral, and in due course the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal will adorn your breast. Never was the coveted decoration more bravely won.

John Bull.

To Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Fool's Paradise.

Sorry Jester,—I notice that, in the American pro-German press and in the pages of the *Nation*, you are continuing your fulminations against Great Britain. May I ask when—if ever—you expect to be restored to sanity? You have played the mountebank over the war business long enough. Using the childish and specious plea that because you are an Irishman you are in reality a foreigner, you have lent our enemies the aid of your pen, traducing Great Britain and questioning the purity of her motive. Every libellous word you write about the country in which you made your name, and money, is not only evidence of dastardly ingratitude, but also a deadly blow at our troops—large numbers of them your own countrymen—in the trenches. If you cannot speak up for the Empire of which, unfortunately, you are a citizen, you might at least have the decency to keep your mouth shut. The most charitable interpretation of your conduct is that you are suffering from softening of the brain. See a dog doctor.

John Bull.

New Single-week Football Contest. £1,000 for a correct forecast.

SOME BLOCKADE!

"Talking about blockades, William—*watch me!*"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but wherever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from £1 to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also in exceptional instances make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving per on—we gladly defray all expenses.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week :—

Reservist, married, with one child, served throughout South African War, rejoining the Colours upon outbreak of war. Wounded in one of the engagements, had to have leg amputated; then discharged medically unfit, with small pension. He is now provided with an artificial leg. Hopes to be ready for some light employment in course of a few weeks. Can any reader find him a job?

Married Reservist, also with one child, sent home from the front to hospital, and subsequently discharged medically unfit. Was in all the fighting from August 15th to January 20th. After a brief stay in hospital he was sent home. At this time there was £20 due to him, but only got an advance of £2, most of which was swallowed up in railway fare. Repeated application to Paymaster at the Depôt having no result, we rendered assistance.

Territorial, married, with two children, discharged medically unfit at Malta on account of defective eyesight, the sun having deteriorated already weak vision, which should have been detected before man went on foreign service. Upon return to this country he got a job in the Post Office, but was immediately discharged owing to his infirmity. We have advised him to make application for a small pension; whether he will get it or not is another matter.

Mother of a Royal Dublin Fusilier, who enlisted upon outbreak of war, when earning good wages as engineer, was receiving allotment of 3s. 6d. weekly. Pension Officer, who has the assessment of Government allowance in his hands, finding her in apparently comfortable circumstances, vetoed the Government grant. As a matter of fact, although the poor woman's home was clean and comfortably furnished, she had very little to live on, and by her son's enlistment she lost at least 15s. a week.

The "wife" of a Reservist, called up on the outbreak of war, received her separation allowance until the legal wife came upon the scene and claimed it. By a magistrate's order made some time previous to the outbreak of hostilities, the man was directed to pay 5s. a week to his wife. The two women naturally quarrelling over the allocation of the Government grant, the War Office stepped in and took it—leaving them both penniless. It took us some time to settle the matter, in the end restoring to the official "wife her 5s. a week, the man's unorthodox partner receiving the rest of the Government allowance and allotment of pay.

One of the Scottish Rifles, married, discharged from the service medically unfit, having undergone an operation in consequence of hardships endured at the Front, was at a very low ebb when we came to his rescue.

The parents of five sons, all at the Front, and with a son-in-law also serving his King and country, are in failing health, aged—the man 67, and his wife 65—and unable to work. They are in receipt of a small allotment of pay and Government allowance, but the total is inadequate for their support, as three of the sons are married.

Wife of Reservist, with two children, is living in one room. Owing to husband being out of work before rejoining the Colours, he left her in debt. She was summoned by landlord under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act for 35s. arrears of rent. As she did not understand the summons she ignored it, and, consequently, the landlord was able to distrain upon her goods. We entered on the scene just in time to rescue them and to save her from despair.

Three members of the crew of the steamer *Surrey*, which was mined off the coast, lost the whole of their kits, each valued approximately at £6. The men's reception when landed at Dover does not seem to have been very hospitable. When paid off in London, no compensation was given for the lost kits, the men being told that as the vessel was a Government transport the owners were not liable. Pending the point being decided, we have assisted them.

Devoted daughter has father nearly 70 years of age. They have been struggling on together, by means of little draper's shop. The war, however, has entirely crippled the business. The old man is laid up seriously ill, and the stock in the place would not fetch a couple of pounds. Rent is in arrears, and furniture has been sold to keep the pair in bare necessities. We, therefore, came to their rescue.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

K. A., £1; Collection at the King's Head Hotel (per J. A.), £2; Mrs. A. S., 10s.; J. R. G., 10s.; Sergt. W. E. S. (British Expeditionary Force), 12s. 5d.; "War Prize Winner," 5s.; H. T. (Wombwell), 2s. 6d.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; R. W. W., 1s. 4d.; H. J. M., 3s.; "Fighting Fifth," 1s.; A. V. R., 1s.; B. S. (Auckley), 3s.; D. G. F., £1; G. G. (Hornsey), 1s.; E. J. and A. J., 2s.; G. F. S., 5s.; J. T. A., 10s.; "Walt," 1s.; M. C. T. (Hendon), 2s.; A. H., 10s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 10s.; "Nagoya," 2s. 6d.; Cpl. J. H., 6d.; D. C., 2s. 6d.; A. W. S., 1s.; H. T. B. B., 1s.; "Whitstable," 6d.; R. T., 2s. 6d.; "True Admirer" (Wigan), 2s.; A. W. M., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. J., 1s.; A. H., 10s.; C. B. (Chelsea), parcel; J. S. (Barrow-in-Furness), 10s.; "Dolly Dim," 10s.; "Arbitrator" (Harringay), 1s.; F. J. (Dublin), 1s.; B. K., 1s.; C. H., 7d.; "Tommy T.," 5s.; W. L., 6d.; A. M., 1s.; F. W., 10s. 6d.; "An Old Salt," 1s.; B. C. F., 6d.; S. D., 6d.; B. H. H. (Plumstead), 2s. 6d.; G. H. K., 1s.; W. T. S., 1s.; "Claremont," 2s.; Anon., £5 5s.; "The Idiot," 2s. 6d.; "Peggy" (Wilts), 5s.; "Claudius," 3s.; K. P., 6d.; E. A. F., 1s.; "Ship's Company," 1s.; J. N. (Chelsea), 1s.; M. C. M. T. (Newland), 5s.; H. J. M., 3s.; Kirkby," 2s. 6d.; "£10 Bullet 124," 5s.; M. S., 1s.; "A. C. E. 4," 6d.; Mrs. A. D., 5s.; Mrs. G. (Greenock), 2s.; "Ell Bee," £2 8s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Coleford," 4s.; F. D. and K. L. N., 21s.; J. B., 5s.; L. T. O. M., 6d.; E. C., 5s.; M. G., 1s.; D. S. H. (S. Devon), 3s.; "A Reader," 5s.; D. MacC., 1s.; A. E. L., 3s.; K. M. M., 1s.; "Registrar S.," 2s. 6d.; M. M. D., 1s.; "Grateful," 1s.; "Kitmoss," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. R. B. (Brentford), parcel; E. J., W. D., and A. J., 3s.; N. R., 1s.; M. S., 1s.; G. G. (Hornsey), 1s.; J. S., 2s.; "I.," 1s.; "Constant Reader," parcel of socks; "Hollins Cross," 10s.

Mr. J. Braithwaite, the first prize-winner in our 123rd "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

We have also received 4s. 5½d. from competitors in our 125th "Bullets" Competition, representing poundage on postal orders.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London:—Councillor E. L. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 48, Broad Street, 4s. 6½d.; Mr. C. Butcher, "Admiral Hawke," 191, Jamaica Road, 4s. 10½d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Cowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, 3s.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, care of Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, 4s. 11d.; Mr. A. H. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 3s. 5d.; Mr. H. Leo, "Copenhagen," Salmon Lane, Limehouse, 2s. 10d.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 6s. 5½d.; Mr. A. E. Mackay, "City of Canton," 2, Upper North Street, Poplar, 4s. 4d.; Mr. E. Pulman, 8, Burdett Road, Bow, 2s. 7d.

"JOHN BULL" HOSTEL FUND.

"One of the 3rds," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. S., 5s.; J. G. B., 1s. 6d.

£1,000 again offered for Football. New Single-week Contest.

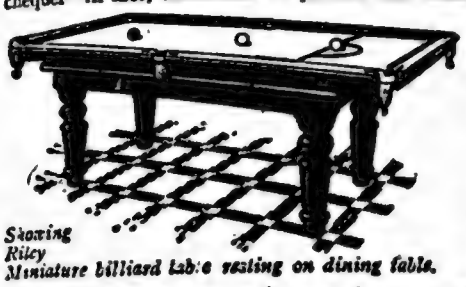
Have YOU taken advantage of this Offer?

Twenty RILEY Home Billiard Tables still to be despatched for a Week's Free Trial—Write to-night.

Years of continuous enjoyment assured for the small first payment of 8/6. You have no worry, no trouble—you play as you pay.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

in the Riley way is so economical that the cost is never felt on the household exchequer—in fact, thousands of parents can testify that it is an investment the returns from which cannot be gauged. And Billiards is an irresistible magnet that draws everyone home at nights—and keeps them there, happy and contented.



Showing Riley Miniature billiard table resting on dining table.

A PERFECT GAME FOR THE HOME.

When Riley's, of Accrington, started making Billiard Tables, they proved that people did not require a large room in order to have their own table. For Riley's make home Billiard Tables in many sizes, and every table is perfect in proportion and accurate in every detail, giving the same scientific game as played on their famous full-size match-tables. At the same time Riley's have dispelled the erroneous idea that Billiards at home is a rich man's game. For they have made the buying terms so easy that every home in Britain can have its own table.

SPECIAL OFFER OF EASY PAYMENT.

For the small sum of 8s. 6d. for first payment, and 12 further monthly payments of 8s. 6d., Rileys will send, carriage paid to any Railway Station (at their own risk), a Miniature Billiard Table, measuring 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. (cash price of which is £5 5s.). This is a very popular size, and will fit any ordinary-sized room, yet it is so perfectly proportioned that any player can enjoy a good game upon it. But suppose, for some reason or other, you are not satisfied with your table after **7 days' trial**, all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed

FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU.

Of course, no one ever does send back their table. As a matter of fact, once the table is in the house and the younger members of the family have seen it (and the elders have enjoyed a game upon it)—well, it becomes a firm and lasting favourite, that's all

Do not delay—send a P.O. for 8s. 6d. for first payment, and your table (6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins.) will be despatched with all accessories within 7 days. There is no carriage for you to pay, no trouble, no bother, and the second payment not due for another month.

In addition to their miniature tables, Riley's have another table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large size Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. The price for same varies from £13 10s. to £32, according to size, and can also be secured on easy payments, spread over 13 months or 18 months.

FREE.—On receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Riley's Home Billiard Tables and Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 147, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.

GREAT PATRIOTIC £50,000 WAR SKILL COMPETITION

PATRIOTIC FUND. £25.000. PRIZE FUND. £25,000.

Manager: **PATRICK O'BRIEN (of Lucerne).**

London Agents:
THE JOHN BULL BANK, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Judge:
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq. (Editor "John Bull").

Scrutineers:
REV. A. J. WALDRON; EUGENE CORRI, Esq.

THE PRIZE FUND will be allocated as follows (see Entry Form):

£10,000 to the Competitor (or Competitors) who most nearly forecasts the amount of Indemnity which will be provided for in the Peace Treaty between Britain and Germany, and gives name of country, and month (and year) in which Treaty will be signed.

NOTE: The amount of the Indemnity provided for in the Treaty between France and Prussia in 1870 was £200,000,000

£6,000 to the Competitor (or Competitors) who only most nearly forecasts amount of Indemnity and name of country in which Treaty will be signed.

£6,000 to the Competitor (or Competitors) who only most nearly forecasts the amount of Indemnity and month (and year) in which Treaty will be signed.

£3,000 to the Competitor (or Competitors) who only most nearly forecasts the amount of the Indemnity.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE ENDOWMENT OF A SCHEME FOR THE BENEFIT OF DISABLED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Entrance Fee - - ONE SHILLING.

For further particulars apply to:—
Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, c.o., JOHN BULL BANK, OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E.C.

By Appointment *to H. M. the King.*

"JUST TWO WORDS!"

NESTLÉ'S MILK

for yourself and Baby.

Don't—as you value your child's life—experiment with "foods" of unknown composition; the lives of millions of children have been lost in that way.

Try NESTLE'S MILK first.

To enable you to judge what the result is likely to be, send for "NESTLÉ'S BABY BOOK," giving the experience of hundreds of grateful parents in their own words, post free on request from

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

Ask your Grocer or Stores' Manager how you can send, carriage paid, tins or a case of Nestlé's to the front. Our troops appreciate it tremendously.

NOW IS THE TIME TO LEARN MOTORING.
Increasing demand for Motor Drivers at the front and at home for Commercial, Public and Private Service. POPULAR COURSE within reach of all. Training unlimited without extra charge until satisfied. No charge for Licensed Employment Agency and B.S.M. Official Certificate.
Officially investigated and approved by JOHN BULL.
Call or send postcard for illustrated prospectus (J.B.).
THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

"DAILY MAIL" VEGETABLES COMPETITION.

FIDLERS' SEEDS

Have been awarded thousands of First Prizes in open competition throughout the world, and if you want to be amongst the winners in the above Contest you must sow our seeds. Send for a copy of our Illustrated Seed Guide and Catalogue, gratis and post free upon application. We are Specialists in Seed Potatoes and Vegetable Seeds.—**FIDLER & SONS, Royal Berkshire Seed Stores, READING.**

"PRUDENCE MUST BE PROMPT."

OUR GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE SCHEME STILL BOOMING.

For the benefit of those of our readers who have not yet availed themselves of our unique free War Insurance scheme, we call attention to its provisions set out below. The benefits, it will be observed, are such as no other journal has been able to offer. John Bull, it will be remembered, was the first publication to indemnify its readers against attacks from the air or sea, and although there has been a flattering imitation of its scheme, there has been no attempt to "go one better" than, or even to vie in attractiveness with, the original.

The number of claims which have been made under it—and of course promptly paid—show the spontaneous appreciation which it evinced, owing to its generous conditions and widespread scope. No less than thirty homes wrecked by the dastardly attack of the foe have been reinstated by it—in some cases there would otherwise have been an irreparable loss of household goods acquired by much self-sacrifice.

It is remarkable that the adoption in this country of insurance against loss was due to a great catastrophe, the first scheme being formulated in the year following the Fire of London. This, of course, was rather in the nature of "locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen." In the early days of the war, however, we saw in what direction German hatred towards the inhabitants of these islands would seek to vent itself, and some weeks before any attempt had been made either to bombard our defenceless coasts, or attack peaceful British citizens by means of bombs dropped from aircraft, we inaugurated our scheme for protection against pecuniary loss.

We all feel assured that—

> This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

but considerable loss may be inflicted upon innocent citizens by serious attempts to invade these islands or—as is far more likely—to cause wanton destruction of private property, in the effort of the foe to carry out their policy of "frightfulness." We therefore urge every reader who has not yet taken advantage of the many benefits which we offer under our scheme, without delay to fill up either the subjoined coupons or—if he prefers to cover himself merely from week to week—that which will be found on page ii. of cover.

As one of the wisest men who ever lived—Sir Francis Bacon—said "Prudence is of no service unless it be prompt." A few strokes of the pen may make all the difference between a severe, and perhaps irrecoverable, loss, and pecuniary consolation in the hour of catastrophe. In any event, though the chances are against the machinations of the foe injuring any particular individual, it is comforting to know that, should the worst happen it has been provided for—free of all cost.

Full Particulars of Our Comprehensive and Generous Insurance Scheme.

ALL WAR RISKS COVERED. HOW TO AVOID THE TROUBLE OF FILLING IN COUPON EVERY WEEK.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against Zeppelin or other air raids, bombardment, invasion, raid, riot, civil commotion, civil war, revolution, rebellion, blockade—indeed, every conceivable war risk. We are paying a big premium to the well-known Company, the National Benefit Life and Property Assurance Co., Ltd., of National House, Newgate Street, London, whose assets exceed £650,000. Many of our readers are filling up coupons not only for themselves but for their wives and families. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have endeavoured to make our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and for this reason we shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. You may either fill in the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover, which will keep you insured for one week, and must be renewed weekly, or, to avoid the necessity of doing this, you may sign the Newsagent Order Form below, which will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme remains in force.

What we will Pay.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power :—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the above events, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £15,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one town.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of "JOHN BULL"—or decide to become one—sign the following form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Mr. or Mrs. ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to "JOHN BULL" Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

March 13, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

Mr. or Mrs. .....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

.....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

March 13, 1915. .....

You can Play the Piano To-day

By Naunton's National Music System

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly.

If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect Naunton's National Music System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does *not* mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.

READ WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

This from a pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

From a Composer: "I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Florrie can play splendidly and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you say."

TO PAST APPLICANTS.—Our Special Concession Order Forms, A., B., and C., are still available.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON. J. B.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, LTD., MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of JOHN BULL, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith Postal Order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your "**Special No. 1**," published at **2s.**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a **thorough** musician by your course of instruction.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE..... .....

NOTE:—Fill in Postal Order, payable to Naunton National Music System, Ltd.

THE

NATIONAL BENEFIT

LIFE & PROPERTY

Assurance Company, Ltd.,

In addition to "War Risks," undertake practically all classes of Insurances, namely.—

LIFE, PERSONAL ACCIDENT and ILLNESS, FIRE, FIDELITY GUARANTEE, BURGLARY, PLATE GLASS, PUBLIC LIABILITY, MOTOR CARS Private and Commercial, PROPERTY and INVESTMENT, &c.,

and will be pleased to submit the most favourable terms upon receipt of particulars. 'All enquiries should be marked "JOHN BULL" and addressed to their Head Office.

National House, Newgate Street, E.C., or to their Agents, **B. Hawes Wilson & Sons, 21, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.**

NOW as always you can obtain one of the famous

WHITELEY CYCLES

upon our wonderful

EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

The "Kildare Club" Record Model. All bright parts thickly plated, black enamelled and lined green, Dunlop Cambridge Tyres, guaranteed 18 months, Roller Lever Brakes, Perry Chain, and Free Wheel.

£3:19:6 or 12 monthly payments of 6/8.

Prompt delivery after first payment.

"Kildare Club" Cycles are British made throughout.

Money returned if not satisfied. Carriage Paid to your door.

RALEIGHS, SWIFTS, SINGERS, HUMBERS, HUDSONS, JAMES, Etc., also supplied.

WM. WHITELEY LTD. QUEEN'S RD., LONDON, W.

Write for Catalogues and mention "John Bull."

GREAT GRIMSBY GRIEVANCES.

DISTURBANCES, MUSICAL AND DIGESTIVE, IN FISH-LAND.

Great Grimsby has been for some time past, and is at the moment, divided into two hostile camps, the roundabout steam organ-grinders backed by their landlords—certain Freemen of the Borough—and the tradespeople in Freeman Street, supported by most of the townspeople. There have been prosecutions of proprietors of these disturbers of the peace within the past eighteen months, but although convictions have been secured in each case, the nuisance continues unabated. To the sufferers, we would point out that a simple remedy lies in their own hands, namely, to obtain an injunction in the High Court. The grievance under which they labour is a real one, for the nuisance is not only intolerable to healthy adults, but has in several instances continued in spite of appeals made on behalf of invalids and little children, unable to sleep owing to the noise caused by these instruments of torture.

Then there is a food scandal which should be inquired into. Our troops stationed at the port and in its vicinity are being supplied with pork-pies and sausages by some contractors who were Germans, but have become naturalised. One of their number, Herr Schwind, of Oxford Street, Grimsby, obtains the stuffing for these delicacies from a certain Herr Schulke, who appears to be somewhat unfortunate in his importations from Denmark, seeing that recently the Port Sanitary Inspector felt it his duty to intercept and condemn several tons of pigs' meat before it reached its destination. It is a standing reproach to the butchers of British birth that such a state of affairs should exist. Have they no Society for their own protection, and does the civil population exist entirely on fish, thus being indifferent to Tommy's welfare? If so, they had better look after themselves, for we find that the Port Sanitary Inspector had occasion lately also to condemn a large consignment of fish, whilst one of the Justices of the Peace caused to be destroyed, for the same reason, another lot. The name of the Danish importer of these "delicacies" is unknown.

LEWIS'S LOYALTY.

TOUTING FOR "TICKERS" FOR TROOPS

E. Lewis is a watchmaker and jeweller of 29, London Street, Southport. And he is out "to make a little pro it." He attempts to justify his aim in a circular letter which he has distributed about the country. It begins:—

> Dear Madam,—I do not know whether or not you have heard that in Southport there are now billeted upwards of fifteen thousand soldiers. My object in writing you is not to inform you of the above fact, but it is that owing to their presence here the demand for watches is very great, punctuality being an absolute essential to every soldier. In Southport I have three jewellery shops and do a good trade in selling watches. Owing to the war, however, new watches are very difficult—almost impossible—to obtain. Perhaps you have a watch which you are willing to dispose of? It does not matter whether it goes or not, or in what condition it is—whether it is gold or silver or gun-metal, or even brass, or whether it is a lady's or a gentleman's, I shall be pleased to purchase it from you, and I assure you that I will pay you a very fair price.

If Mr. E. Lewis only left it at that, which is a business proposition, he would not call down upon his astute head a suspicion of humbug. But he adds a P.S., which to our mind smacks of hypocrisy and not a little cunning. He says:—"Should it happen that you have not a watch or watches to dispose of, perhaps you will be good enough to hand this letter to someone you think may have. By doing so you will be doing me a very great favour and helping Kitchener's Army to obtain watches. You will also be getting for yourself useful cash; enabling me to make a little profit; and also work for my workmen.—E.L." Nothing would please us better than to help Kitchener's Army to obtain watches, but we cannot for the life of us see why the fact of doing Mr. Lewis "a very great favour" and providing him with a "little profit" should tempt our watch from our pocket. Mr. Lewis protests too much, and introduces a personal element entirely out of place in what is really a touting trade circular.

Scientific Corset-fitting is of the utmost importance to every Gentlewoman and especially is this the case with the average figure when every little detail should be studied in order to obtain the fullest support and comfort, combined with grace, ease and refinement.

C.B. Eesi-Flex CORSETS

add to the attractive lines of the figure and are so delightfully flexible that no restriction is placed upon any movement of the body. They are dainty, durable and hygienic.

IN THE VANGUARD OF FASHION.

MODEL M9172.

This superb free-hip design is the work of a High-class Corsetiere; it is beautifully constructed with low bust and deep hips. In Fine White or French Grey Coutil, bound Satin and trimmed Galon Embroidery, and completed by four very reliable Rubber Grip Hose Supporters.

PRICE 5/11 PER PAIR.

THE C.B. EESI-FLEX CORSET

not only adds to the attractive lines of the figure—but by reason of its scientific construction gives strength and support to the hips and abdomen in a common-sense healthy manner.

MODEL M9174

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

MODEL M9171.

A new design suitable for all slight and medium figures, low in bust and cut with exceptional depth over hips and at back. In Fine White or French Grey Coutil, trimmed dainty Silk Embroidery, and fitted four reliable Hose Supporters with Rubber Studs.

PRICE 3/11¾ PER PAIR.

THE C.B. EESI-FLEX CORSET.

MODEL M9174.

A very high-grade smart average Model, cut with the new free hip and broad elastic gussets at back. In Fine White Coutil, daintily scalloped with Ribbon at top, and fitted four reliable Hose Supporters.

PRICE 8/11 PER PAIR.

D. H. EVANS & CO., LTD.
290 to 322, Oxford St., London, W.

Telephone: 6240 Mayfair. Telegrams: Evanthes, London.
Carriage paid to all parts of the United Kingdom.

NICER THAN DEVONSHIRE CREAM

will be your verdict on *Milkmaid Cream* as soon as you taste it, and your opinion will be fully justified, because *Milkmaid Cream* is simply the purest, richest, and thickest cream obtainable from the best Cow's milk. Delicious with bottled, tinned, dried, or stewed fruit—especially with figs or prunes, and just as excellent with porridge or other breakfast cereal.

Milkmaid Cream

Sold in tins by all Grocers. Book of 70 fine recipes Free.
"MILKMAID BRAND" D.P. DEPOT,
6-8, Eastcheap, London, and Branches.

Join the Army of Well-dressed Men

The smartest men in town—Officers, Barristers, Doctors and titled men—subscribe for our Service. Every week we collect their clothes, blow out dirt, revive the cloth, remove spots, and press as new, and we guarantee money back if you are not satisfied. We will treat one suit, dress suit or overcoat as we treat our subscribers' clothes. Using cloth manufacturers' dry-steam process and appliances, we make the cloth new, as well as the fit and cut.

FOR **3s. 9d.** ONLY

NOTE.—Collection and delivery free 10 miles from Charing Cross; if beyond, post or send clothes to us. We pay carriage one way.

BRITISH

11 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

Prospectus and Book on Clothes-care free on request.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

WALTER WALL, 10, Whitby Road, Toller Lane, Bradford. 997,201. February 20th.
ROBERT STANSFIELD, 15, Water Street, Radcliffe. 957,110. February 20th.
JAMES ARNETT, Station Road, Langford, Biggleswade. 811,178. January 16th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 6th:—

008311	180055	352103	585003	810073
037020	194927	372649	606458	824182
048909	206574	424174	619192	869415
072427	217020	429869	637825	900411
088962	223292	459879	669522	967754
111539	227710	481517	693935	985613
118719	272878	505074	700677	A000157
138129	279776	517696	712008	A018249
162324	318995	545067	723118	A035437
170220	339536	573396	744782	A062785

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 17th).

Do You Want A Trained Man's Position?

The trained man is the man in touch with the chief. He is also first in line for promotion.

You can be the man "in front." It is all a matter of having the right knowledge that will put you ahead of the other fellow.

"But it is too late," you say. "My age is against me: I have long hours. My schooling is limited, my income small."

You are the very man the International Correspondence Schools can help.

For over 21 years the I.C.S. have been training men for better positions.

No matter how old you are, how little time you have, or what your education—the I.C.S. can train you in your own home to become an expert in some particular line of work.

Mark and post the attached coupon NOW. It places you under no obligation and brings you all the information as to how the I.C.S. can make you a trained man.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.,
92p, INTERNATIONAL BUILDINGS, KINGSWAY, W.C.
(To avoid delay please use full address.)

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can gain a thorough, practical and up-to-date knowledge of the subject before which I have marked X, and so qualify for Better Position and Better Pay.

—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
—Book-Keeping	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Advertising	—Electric Traction
—Show-Card Writing	—Electric Lighting
—Window Dressing	—Architecture
—Illustrating	—Contracting & Building
—Designing	—Concrete Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Civil Engineering
—Gas-Power Engineering	—Coal Mining
—Motor Engineering	—French, German, Spanish, Italian
—Cotton Manufacturing	—Agriculture, Poultry Farming
—Woollen Manufacturing	
—Woodworking	

Name_____
Address_____

THE KAISER'S CONSOLATION.

The Kaiser sought his inner room,
Distraught, depressed, and filled with gloom,
For from each theatre of war
Came news he had not bargained for:
The Russian bear had turned again
And heaped the field with German slain;
Along their line the gallant French
Had captured many a German trench;
The British (how he cursed the name!)
Were doing very much the same;
Meanwhile, the Belgians, strong in wrath,
Were threatening Ostend in the North!
Who is surprised that, filled with gloom,
The Kaiser sought his inner room?

But worries worse than I've defined
Were weighing on the Kaiser's mind;
He felt decidedly afraid
That Britain really would blockade
Effectively each German port
Just when the food was running short,
And (what he thought was most improper)
Stop their most needed import—copper!
He shuddered, too, to think that shells
Were bursting in the Dardanelles,
Crushing the startled Turks' resistance
To whom he'd looked for some assistance.
What wonder, then, that filled with gloom,
The Kaiser sought his inner room?

Then, as it happened, did ascend
The Kaiser's old, familiar friend,
The Devil, who, from Hell below,
Came up to earth to have a blow.
"Are we down-hearted?" queried he,
"We are," said Wilhelm, "damnably!"
Then he proceeded to explain
The cares that racked his kultured brain;
His apprehensions, doubts and fears,
Until he melted into tears,
Which, dropping on the Devil's feet,
Hissed into vapour through the heat.
And for a while the Kaiser's room
Was filled with inspissated gloom.

"Now come, cheer up!" the Devil cried,
"And lay your mournful thoughts aside,
You'll not be victor in the field,
But greater triumphs time will yield;
The British fight beyond all praise,
But they are fools in other ways;
They'll struggle to the end, and then
They'll give back what they've won, again;
The Germans, whom they now abhor,
Again they'll welcome, as of yore;
Once more your subjects will be free
To bleed them with impunity,
Whilst their own soldiers, who have bled,
Will, maybe, have to beg for bread!

"Their foreign trade, in which they're slack,
Will fall again to your attack;
They'll let you build a fleet again,
To challenge theirs upon the main;
Their new-formed armies they'll disband,
And give you still a chance to land;
Once more their waiters all will be
Of German nationality,
And each hair-dresser's shop will harbour
A German or an Austrian barber;
And thus your spies on Britain's shore
Will quickly get to work once more
And patiently prepare the way
For a triumphant *future* Day!"

Cheered by the Devil's words and tone,
The Kaiser had more cheerful grown:
"Still there's a chance, through Britain's follies,"
He cried, "for Deutschland uber alles!"
And 'twill be so unless we're wiser
And scotch the "peace-at-any-pricer."

W.M.

A HINT ON SAVING MONEY.

Many people could save money and accumulate a modest competence by merely putting aside the money they waste, because it does not seem worth while investing it.

For instance, a shilling a day represents over £18 a year, but most men will not bother to accumulate that sum annually because it does not promise a good enough return from investment. As a matter of fact, it represents a capitalised sum of considerable magnitude, a sum, moreover, which increases in value from year to year, and is always available for use upon specially advantageous terms.

As an instance, to a man aged 30 less than this sum represents an immediate capitalised value of £300, which becomes his own property absolutely at the age of 45. In the meantime, should he die, that amount is payable to his family, or to anyone else he may appoint to receive it. Also during those fifteen years he can borrow money at the most advantageous terms upon the sums he has invested in this way, so that during the fifteen years in question his savings are earning him money, and he is providing for his own wants in the future and for the welfare of those dependent upon him.

If he decided to invest his savings so that the capitalised value were payable either at death or at the end of 25 years, the man of 30 paying £20 5s. 5d. a year would receive £500 at the age of 55, plus any bonus or profit added to the sum assured. Profits at present rate of distribution would be £218, making a total sum payable £718—provided, of course, that the bonus is maintained at its present figure—a very good investment result.

These are merely examples of a large number of attractive ways of investing small amounts, and those who wish to take advantage of the new way of saving and investing money with absolute capital security and the many other advantages indicated, should write to the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, 61, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., whose funds amount to the gigantic total of £23,500,000, for Endowment booklet No. 20. This company, which, according to *The Statist*, "deservedly enjoys a world-wide reputation for financial strength and liberal treatment of its policyholders," specialises in all kinds of insurance, and in reply to inquirers will submit for consideration a number of attractive proposals on the lines indicated above. It is, of course, distinctly understood that the sending of such an inquiry to the company in no way implies any obligation on the part of the sender.

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will renovate any shabby SUIT or OVERCOAT
We make your old, worn clothes into new, remove every particle of dirt, restore surface of fabric, revive nap, banish shine of wear, refresh colour, replace buttons, renovate frayed parts and mend tears. Finally the garment is Tailor-pressed—all at a total cost of only 3/3
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will renovate any soiled DRESS or COSTUME
Our vans travel 12 miles from Charing Cross. Collection and delivery free; beyond, carriage paid one way. Send p.c. for van to call, or 'phone North 290. No matter what others charge for this service, we guarantee our work is equal to any. Remember money returned in full if not satisfied.
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All kinds of Alterations and Renovations Executed.

A GENUINE CURE

PILES

Hæmorrhoids or Piles are occasioned by the disordered functions of the system; the application of external remedies may alleviate but cannot remove the cause, and patients are often told that a surgical operation is the only cure. A Doctor writes: "'Pylitna' Powders are the best remedy I have hitherto seen, they have cured very bad and chronic cases."

'PYLITNA' POWDERS

A Chemist says: "'Pylitna' Powders are the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with doctors."

These powders are taken in a little warm milk or water and are quite harmless. Of all Chemists at 2/9, or from the Proprietors. "Pylitna."
GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON.

Accept this Free Trial.

Rid Yourself of Skin Illness

You'll never know what a wonderful remedy Antexema is till you try it. That's why we offer a Free Trial to every skin sufferer, whatever the complaint. Therefore, seize the opportunity of proving the virtues of Antexema at once. You may have had dry, weeping, or scaly eczema for years. Antexema will cure you. You are so worried and tormented by skin trouble that you are wretched all day and sleepless at night. Antexema stops all irritation the moment it touches your skin. You have pimples, blackheads, or a rash on your face, so that you are ashamed to meet your friends, and your business chances are injured. Antexema gives your complaint immediate notice to quit. You are made wretched by a bad leg or bad hands that everything so far has failed to cure. What you want is Antexema, and five minutes after using it you will be absolutely certain of its value and wondering why you did not try it before.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, and it neither shows on the skin nor soils your garments, and the first application of Antexema is the beginning of your cure. There should be no delay about using it, for while you delay your skin trouble gets worse.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also in India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap, the famous Skin Soap.

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JOHN BULL, 13. 3. 15. .....

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The Canadian Badge (as worn by our brave Colonial Troops), and the Pro Patria photo pendant.

Both are beautifully enamelled, the Canadian badge in correct colours, and the pendant either blue or black.

Price of Canadian badge, made as brooch or pendant, 1s 6d., or in silver, 3s. 6d., post free. Also mounted as hatpin, at 1s. 9d., post free.

Photo pendants, 1s. 6d., or in silver, 3s. 6d., post free. Real silver chains for wearing with pendants, 2s. each.

Send postal order (not stamps) for whichever you require TO-DAY.

For all badges and military buttons write us.

THE EMPIRE BADGE CO. (incorporating the J. B. Co.), Mail Order Dept.

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Blood Diseases Cured by "DOMIGO."

No sufferer need despair now that DOMIGO is within the reach of all. It is a purely vegetable medicine, free from poisonous ingredients, obtained from a wonderful root only found in South Africa. DOMIGO is now recognised as the greatest specific for cleansing the blood of all disease, no matter whether acquired or inherited. DOMIGO quickly restores health and strength. Even bad cases of long standing have yielded to the marvellous blood purifying properties of DOMIGO. A booklet containing full particulars and testimonials of numerous cures actually effected by DOMIGO will be sent FREE on application to THE DOMIGO CHEMICAL CO., Dept. J. B., 158, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and 40, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg. *Also manufacturers of Domigo Strengthening Food, Domigo Skin Soap, Domigo Pile Pills.* DOMIGO Anæmia Pills 1/3 & 2/3 box, make pure blood and beautify the complexion.

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"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet and burning corns.

"Ah, Boys! TIZ is the thing!"

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin, and bunions. It's simply glorious. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

THE AMMUNITION MANUFACTURER.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"*Civis Britannicus sum!*"

"You are looking particularly pleased with yourself."

"I have reason to be."

"Inasmuch as you are a British citizen?"

"Certainly, I have that to be proud of. Besides, business is booming."

"Ah. Your profits are rising?"

"By leaps and bounds, my dear sir—leaps and bounds!"

"So the war has not proved a misfortune, so far as you are concerned?"

"Misfortune? Why, it's a positive godsend! I never had such a time—never! I was rather afraid I was going to have a set-back the other day, though."

"That was when——?"

"When my hands came out on strike—*on strike*, sir! When Great Britain is at *war*, sir! Yes, sir, with the most powerful, unscrupulous and remorseless enemy she has ever had to meet. *There's* patriotism for you, sir!"

"What did they strike for?"

"A paltry farthing an hour, sir! Yes, sir, they were prepared to leave our gallant troops in the trenches without ammunition, at the mercy of the Huns, rather than forgo their demands."

"They made their demands before they went on strike, I presume?"

"Of course. And I refused them—promptly. I am not a man to be coerced and brow-beaten like that, sir."

"You would not concede the extra farthing an hour, then?"

"Certainly not! I tell you, I am not a man of that sort. If anyone tries to force me, I put my back up."

"But what about the ammunition for our troops at the Front? Were *you* content that they should go without, and the whole Army be imperilled, rather than concede your men's paltry demand?"

"It was the principle of the thing, sir."

"But what about the principle of patriotism? You admit that before long the Dardanelles will be forced, and that huge orders will reach you for the Russian Army. You know that you are piling up a fortune greater than would ever have been possible had peace been maintained. And yet you are content to imperil our Army in the field by permitting your hands to cease work for the sake of a trifling farthing!"

"You are looking at the question from the wrong point of view. It is the selfish, unpatriotic workman whom you should denounce, not the harassed capitalist, who——"

"Is having the time of his life, eh? I do not say, mind you, that the striking workmen are not blameworthy. I shall not hesitate to challenge the first who comes this way, and give him a piece of my mind. But in my opinion his fault is not so great as yours. The cost of living has increased enormously of late. His wages have not risen proportionately. He *knows* you are making vast profits, and feels a natural desire to have a share in the booty."

"But it would be creating a precedent—a dangerous precedent. Do you think wages will ever go back to their former level?"

"I hope not. But that is not my point. What I protest most strongly against is the making of huge profits by *anyone* out of this war. It seems to me hatefully unjust that, whilst thousands of our fellow-countrymen and women have been plunged into the direst misery and distress in consequence of the war, a few hundreds of capitalists should be reaping untold profits from it. Now you may pass. All's well; but small thanks to you and your kind."

We are glad to learn that there has been a fine response to the appeal for recruits for the 7th (City) Battalion of the London Regiment. Any man desirous of "doing his bit" for King and Country cannot do better than join this fine body, in which a few vancancies still exist. Early application at the headquarters, 24, Sun Street, Finsbury Square, is, however, desirable.

Great Military Boxing Tournament,

PLYMOUTH, MARCH 16th & 17th.

Inter-Regimental Bantam, Light Weight, Middle Weight, Welter Weight, and Heavy Weight Contests

FOR "JOHN BULL" CUPS & MEDALS

which will be presented by the Editor, who will deliver a short recruiting address.

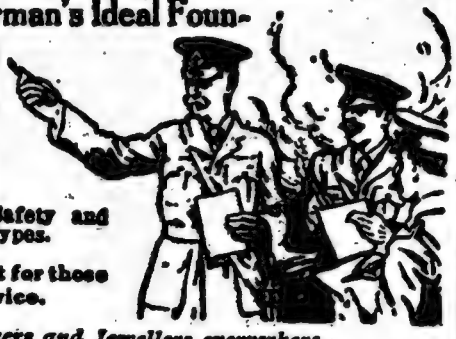
Referee: EUGENE CORRI, Esq.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE LOCAL BILLS.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

At the Front,

where worth is measured by efficiency and readiness, Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is held in highest esteem.



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L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

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NEURALGIA

And for Headache, too. Used by tens of thousands. Easy to take at any time, and safe to use.

1s. and 2s. 6d. a Box, of Chemists and Stores.

FREE! Two Powders.—If you send stamped addressed envelope

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THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT RECORDS AT LESS THAN 2d. EACH.

Sent to any part of the world. Particulars are free, and a VALUABLE BOOK will also be sent free to Gramophone owners if this paper is mentioned. Write to-day to—

LEXICON WORKS, Station Approach, WEALDSTONE.

STOPS FALLING HAIR.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum .. — — —	1 oz.
Orlex Compound — — —	A small box
Glycerine	½ oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out relieves itching and all scalp troubles.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded grey hair in 10 or 15 days It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

FRENCH and ENGLISH SOLDIERS CURED OF RUPTURE.

4,000 "JOHN BULL" READERS TO BE TREATED FREE OF CHARGE.

Remarkable Letters and generous offer to Sufferers

Rupture—that most painful, weakening and dangerous complaint, can now be painlessly and easily cured without a truss or operation. What is more 1,000 readers of "John Bull" are now enabled to receive this marvellous treatment free of charge.

The treatment acts continuously by day and by night, without the slightest interference with your usual habits of living.

Two remarkable letters from the Fighting Line show how this discovery has completely cured an English soldier and a French soldier.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

This is what the English soldier writes:—

"1st Wiltshire Regt., 6245 (Private),
February 3rd, 1915.

"To the Stuart Plaster Pad Co.,
"68, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

"DEAR SIRS,—It is only fair to let you know that since my Plapao-Pad Treatment eighteen months ago, I have not had the slightest rupture trouble. At that time my condition, despite the best medical attention I could procure, threatened to end my military service, to which I was much attached. But your very practical Plapao-Pad System succeeded after all other appliances and treatments failed. I have been at the front and have luckily survived, though severely wounded at Ypres. Very shortly I hope to be in the fighting line again, and thought you would like to know that there has not been the slightest recurrence of my old trouble. You have my thanks for putting and keeping me in good condition.—Yours faithfully (signed),
"RICHARD J. MATTHEWS."

FRENCH SERGEANT'S TRIBUTE

The second letter is from one of our gallant Allies, a Sergeant in the 85th Regiment of the Line.

"Dear Sirs," he writes, "I cannot express on paper how grateful I feel to you for the wonderful good your Plapao-Pads have done me. My rupture was of many years' standing, and when I left with my regiment for the front I found the truss most irritating. I never could hold properly the rupture, and during the marching it caused terrible pains. I heard from an English soldier of the excellence of your Plapao-Pads and I decided to try them. Thanks to these I am now sound and well and do not have to wear anything. I can do all my soldiering and feel in perfect comfort.—Faithfully yours, LOUIS GOUSSET, Sergeant, 85e Reg. Inf., 13e Cie.
Compiegne, February 5th.

TRY THIS TREATMENT—FREE.

You can now prove the value of this wonderful discovery for yourself free. Everyone who adopts it is delighted.

Private Matthews.

Sergeant Gousset.

Two gallant soldiers who have been cured of Rupture by this wonderful treatment you can to-day try free of cost.

The unsightly protrusions disappear.

The ruptured parts are drawn and held together.

With the disappearance of the Rupture there vanishes, too, the pain, the discomfort, the danger, and that awful dragging-down feeling.

You recover your strength—you feel and look better in every way. Once more you can live your life as it should be lived, and take your place again among the Rupture free.

You can now prove the value of this wonderful discovery free.

Cut out and post this Coupon to-day to the Stuart Plaster-Pad Company, 68, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

By return you will receive this free trial Plapao Treatment, with full directions, and a copy of Mr. Stuart's book on the Cure of Rupture, packed in sealed wrapper, and free of charge or obligation.

Write for Free Treatment to-day.

PRESENTATION (JOHN BULL) COUPON

Entitling its User to Free First Aid.

To STUART PLASTER-PAD CO., 68, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

I accept your offer of Free Treatment. Please send to the following address, free of charge, a trial Plapao Treatment, with full directions, and a presentation copy of your book on Rupture and its Cure (in plain sealed wrapper) to—

Name.....

Address.....

.....

J.B.13/3/15.

IDEAS FOR CLEVER "BULLETS"

Clever ideas for *every* conceivable example will be found in the great little book, "BULLETS & SIMPLETS MADE EASY," by Double-first, which is published at the low price of **1s.** Another feature is its

DOUBLE-MEANING WORDS,

a prolific source of prize-winning ideas. In addition there are special chapters on "Bullets," "Simplets," "Heads and Tails" and "Middles." If you are a competitor you cannot afford to be without it; if you are not a competitor get it and you soon will be!

Order Now. It will be sent BY RETURN—in time for you to enter this week's competition.

FILL UP THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To the Manager,
THE HYNES PUBLISHING CO.,
562a, Romford Road, London, E.

Please send me post free a copy of your book "Bullets and Simplets Made Easy" by return, for which I enclose **1/1.**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

"THE SERGEANT AND ME."

Tho sergeant and me, we were cronies, you see,
When the King's regulations allowed;
In the ranks he was grim, and I didn't know him,
And he couldn't pick me from a crowd;
But when duty was finished, his importance diminished,
And down to my level he comes,
We'd collogue and we'd chow, we would argue and row,
All just like the thickest of chums.

It was that way at home, but when we had to roam
To France, with the trenches as sequel,
We got closer together, for war and the weather
Make non-coms. and rankers more equal;
And we put in our time, 'mong the shells and the grime,
Till both were a sad sight to see,
In the frost and the flood, in the clay and the mud,
You couldn't tell sergeant from me.

Well, me and my pal, nigh the Bassey canal,
Got news that was greeted with rapture,
Of a German-dug ditch in front of us, which
Our mob had the orders to capture;
It had got to be done, the position was one
That lost us too many a man,
And the Colonel he said to us boys, "Go ahead,
And clear out that gang if you can!"

The artillery first dropped shells so's to burst
Where the blighters were snug in the clay,
As a hint from a friend that they might depend
More trouble was coming their way;
Like hounds on the string we were thirsting to spring,
All agog for a cut at the foe,
When they did let us loose we were off like the deuce,
P'raps sixty, spread out in a row.

There were some of us got, as we ran, a straight shot
Which sent a man journeying "West,"
But us others arrived, and I know I contrived
To get there along of the rest;
We scrapped hot and strong, but it didn't last long,
Tho Germans they started to flee,
Tho job was well done, and that plaguey trench won—
"Hooroo!" says the sergeant to me.

He had spoken too soon, and he altered his tune
Before we had got second wind—
They attacked us again, and the shots came like rain,
We sat up and kept our eyes skinned;
Reinforced, in a mass they swept over the grass
And the forty of us left to fight
Had either to run or to stick it till done—
And we preferred fighting to flight.

They came on in a line, and, by gum! it was fine
The way our chaps showed up their grit,
Meeting death standing there, no complaints, not a prayer,
'Cept "Christ!" when a fellow got hit;
The murdering Hun was quite ten to one,
But the one wasn't one who would blench,
But we set tight our lips when it came to close grips
And hand-to-hand strife in the trench.

The sergeant I see standing forward of me,
His rifle was clubbed in his fist,
And, when it came down on an enemy's crown,
He dropped with a horrible twist;
I looked round behind, my comrades to find,
They lay there, some wounded, some dead,
Then the sergeant's gun broke in his hand, and he spoke,
"I guess it's good-bye, chum," he said.

Well, then I felt afraid, but he grabbed up a spade
For a weapon, and swung it in air,
I heard the crash, dull, of a poor beggar's skull,
And the others fell back in a scare;
Then a shout through the din—and our boys swarming in,
When I'd reckoned that all was *u.p.* . . .
Yes, it was a bit thick, but we won the odd trick;
"Spade's trumps!" said the sergeant to me.

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"MORNING POST" (advertisement):—
"The Directors of the Ritz and Carlton Hotels beg to state . . . that the staff consists now, as it has done for several months, solely of British, French, and OTHER NEUTRAL subjects."

"SOUTH WALES DAILY POST":—
"Dr. D. Matthews said he had UNINTENTIONALLY OMITTED his name, but CERTAINLY MEANT TO."

"TIMBER TRADES JOURNAL":—
"The number of directors is not to be LESS than THREE nor MORE than ONE."

INVISIBLE MENDING CO. (post-card):—
"We are in receipt of your skirt. The cost to repair the places marked will be 5s. 6d., plus 4d. for postage. On receipt of this sum we shall RETURN SKIRT QUITE INVISIBLE.

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST":—
"Chicago has 45,000 UNEMPLOYED women, according to investigations. . . . Of these, 15,000 are married women WORKING to support their families."

"OUR HOME":—
"There is a village named Zeals, in WILTSHIRE. It is about a MILE AND A HALF from Mere, which is a village in CHESHIRE."

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER":—
"Charles Burton . . . was charged with obtaining 12s. 6d. by false pretences from HENRY WILSON, whose name WAS NOT GIVEN."

"PUDSEY ADVERTISER":—
"Of 13 wounded soldiers from Belgium and Northern France, who arrived in Leeds on Tuesday evening, there were 40 unable to walk from the train to the ambulances."

"SPORTING POST":—
"His right HAND was bleeding from a wound ABOVE THE WRIST."

"HULL DAILY NEWS":—
"MAJOR Booth has gained PROMOTION since joining, and is now a SERGEANT in his regiment."

MESSRS. TICKLER'S JAM JAR LABEL:—
"DAMSON and APPLE, from SEVILLE ORANGES and refined sugar only."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Do they call it the "'E.L.P." now?
Isn't every "strike" now a "blow" at Britain?
Isn't the "Ridiculous" Porte a better name for it?
How does Germany like *our* "Wait and seize" policy?
Aren't the Germans learning to beware of the Bear's "pause"?
How long before the Turkish Government is sent "packing"?
Haven't the German authorities cried "Wolff" too often?
Won't our marksmen be "Bisley" engaged elsewhere this year?
Haven't the German papers been telling some "whopping" lies?
A new book is called "The Snare." The name is decidedly "catchy."
Can't you find a nice "pointed" "Bullet" to send us?
See page 36.

* * *

The potato supply is causing great anxiety in Prussia. This seems to be entirely a "digging" war.

* * *

The headline, "Blues at the Front," must not be misunderstood; the Germans are suffering from *these*.

* * *

Enver Pasha has been presented with the Iron Cross. This is not the first "order" the Kaiser has given him.

The "John Bull" Pen is astonishing value! Send for one now.

The Chair that never looks old!

—That's the great beauty and attraction of having a Berkeley Loose-Cover Easy Chair.

The moment it looks soiled you simply wash the cover and you have a chair like new once more.

THE Berkeley Loose-Cover Easy Chair is specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing Room. It is dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and backs are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel-coppered springs.

Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in Cretonne of your own selection.

This Loose Cover easily slips on or off the chair for washing, and the chair can still be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every

Berkeley

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE.

On receipt of **2/6** with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales; and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it *at our expense*, and we will refund your money in full.

COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER:

27'6

2/6 with Order, and balance 4/- Monthly.

FREE Send postcard to-day for particulars and patterns of Cretonnes. You will be delighted with the beautiful range of designs and colourings.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.,

Specialists in Easy Chairs,

DEPT. B.X
73-75, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.

New West-End Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster

Completely Paralysed

In a Dream She Saw Herself Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Got Some, and—Her Dream Came True.

Mrs. Hopkins, Southampton.

Mrs. Hopkins, of 31, English Road, Shirley, Southampton, says: "I was paralysed. I had to be lifted in and out of bed, and as I was placed so I lay. Medical and hospital treatment did no good, though massage, electricity, and everything possible were tried. My leg was to all appearances dead, almost black, and with no feeling at all in it. People thought it should be taken off, but I wouldn't agree. I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets and after a time I found I could move my foot. Then I went about on crutches, and at last walked out without any support. People came to their doors to see me. It was a modern miracle. Now I am ever so well."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all nerve centres, and are the surest remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh.
Infantile Paralysis	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Gen-ral Weakness

And are especially valuable for nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.

All chemists and stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box T.25), Chester Rd., Manchester.

A. H. WESTWOOD.

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About whom "John Bull," in the issue dated April 18th, 1914, said :—"Quite reliable."

The "LITTLE BLUE BOOK," containing my Terms, will be sent Gratis and Post Free on receipt of a Postcard (postage ½d.).

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and Artists *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* when stamped addressed envelope is attached to the manuscript.

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

Letters *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* Financial, Insurance, Legal *and* Sporting *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

"C. L." (Clapham) and others.—*Re* the suggestion of a John Bull battalion with the Editor in command, we regret that our chest measurement is in the wrong place.

Wm. A. (New Jersey).—Your vigorous letter contains much truth, but we feel sure that the question of submarine destroyers is occupying the Admiralty. True, it should have done so long ago; but, thanks to the blight of Party Politics, the outbreak of war found us unprepared in almost every direction.

A. B. (Plymouth).—The British people, so many of whom will have lost loved ones in the war, will surely see that the sacrifice has not been made in vain, and will frustrate the attempts of the peace-at-any-price traitors of the Keir Hardie type to snatch the fruits of victory from our hands. Depend upon it, we shall do our best to silence their insidious and seditious counsels.

Mrs. H. H. (Zürich).—Your Belgian friend is entirely mistaken. The British military authorities take the utmost care not to injure Belgian towns more than is absolutely necessary, and our airmen drop their bombs, not indiscriminately at night on defenceless towns and villages, as do the Huns, but upon places of military importance, and *by day*.

D. M. D. (Glasgow).—Mr. Bonar Law has established a claim to a place in the coming Business Government by his eloquent appeal in the House of Commons for the utilisation of the business brains of the country in matters of government. We shall have to put him on our list.

"Jack Tar" (H.M.S. *Flying Fish*).—The Hague Convention expressly forbade the shelling of such towns as Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. That is why the Germhuns delighted in doing it.

J. G. (Manchester).—We do not agree that the present world unrest is the beginning of the end, but that it is rather the commencement of the beginning—of better things for all humanity. Thanks for your learned dissertation.

J. P. (Bathgate).—Your views on labour strikes at such a time as this are ours, and also those of the Government. It is almost as wicked for workers to strike as for contractors, colliery rings, milk combines, and wheat pits to exploit the necessities of the people.

J. W. P. (W. Hartlepool) wants us to buck up and make up our mind to "start that daily paper *Johnny Bull*." The present is hardly the time to buck with success in that direction.

A. J. Mc. (W. Hartlepool).—Your idea of catching Germhun submarines in wire-rope nets sustained by steel buoys seems a thoughtful one.

W. D. (Wexford), congratulates us on our success in the dog world. Thanks. There is only one animal we love as much as a dog, and that is a horse.

Private O. F. (Rhyl).—But recruits are not 'slow coming in," if Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, is any authority. He says the Government are quite satisfied.

"Cantab" (Cambridge).—Recent events have answered your question as to what the French Navy is doing.

A. C. (Liverpool).—So you think recruiting would go ahead faster if looting were permitted and the posters said so. We don't. Few decent Britishers would wish to emulate the example of the German Crown Prince.

W. L. (Shepherd's Bush, W.).—Thanks for your encouraging words. We ask nothing better than to emulate in some measure the life and work of Charles Bradlaugh.

"Humbug" (Newcastle-on-Tyne) thinks that when we receive favourable notice from parsons it may arise from a desire to propitiate a dangerous critic. It may. And on the other hand, it may not.

E. W. C. S. (Upavon).—Neutral countries are—or, rather, *were*—entitled to supply belligerents with foodstuffs during war, provided the commodities are intended for the consumption of the civil population.

Mrs. M. Davies (33, The Grove, Earlsfield Road, Wandsworth)—whose loss at the hands of the Huns on the occasion of the Colchester raid we compensated under our Free War Insurance scheme—writes that she would be greatly obliged if, through the medium of this journal, she could recover some of the property to which souvenir hunters helped themselves during her absence from the premises—39, Butt Road, Colchester. Says she: "They are quite welcome to any pieces of shell they may have found, but unfortunately they took quite a number of small ornaments and other things, some of which had only a sentimental value."

H. A. C. (Balham).—We have frequently suggested that there should be a great Government Lottery in connection with the War, but every member of the Ministry to whom the proposal has been made, have been seized with an apoplectic fit.

"Cally" (Aberdeen).—A firm that reduces the wages of its staff by 25 per cent. "owing to the war," and then contributes largely to the various relief funds, is not really charitable, but hypocritical.

T. P. (Chingford).—Naturally, it is very gratifying to us to know that John Bull is so much enjoyed by the troops at the Front. Thanks for sending us "proof positive" of the fact.

"Branscombe" (London, W.).—The Germhuns' statement that they found a document in the archives at Brussels relating to a secret agreement between England and Belgium is a lie. In fact, you may take it that practically all the Germhuns' statements are lies.

Mrs. F. H. (Portman Square, W.).—Glad you confirm our opinion that German East Africa would make a suitable colony for our Indian fellow-subjects. We shall not lose sight of the idea when the psychological moment arrives.

"A Constant Reader" (London, W.C.).—We can scarcely believe that the late Queen Victoria died in the arms of the Kaiser. But if so, that probably hastened her end.

R. F. A. (Shorncliffe).—The only thing we have to pray for pardon for in this war is, that we allowed Party Politics to blind us to the German menace, so that our consequent unpreparedness precipitated the conflict. And that was not the fault of the people, but of the Party hacks who led them by the nose. Otherwise, we are engaged in a righteous war of defence, and our national conscience is clear.

P. P. (Bolton).—You should go to a solicitor if you want to claim the Bolton Estate of the late Earl of Bradford. We have no department for that sort of work.

A. C. A. (New Ferry).—In our opinion prophecies arrived at by juggling with dates are simply tosh. You can prove the impossible with figures.

W. S. S. (London).—We *are* continually showing up the exorbitant charges on parcels to troops at the Front, and are painfully aware that many a poor person is totally unable to pay them. The Postmaster-General appears to possess a pachydermatous hide where this question is concerned.

"Disgusted South African" (Pretoria).—We do not think your bitter criticism of General Botha is justified by events.

R. J. U. (Manchester).—Sorry you think we are "tainted with Liberalism so called." Ours is not the *soi-disant* Liberalism as represented by the Party hack, but the veritable sort which connotes true freedom of the individual combined with Imperial unity. There was no enclosure with your letter.

"J. B." (Reigate).—We do not quite follow what you mean when you say you are debarred from going abroad "because of the *complaint* of two members of our family." Do you mean malady, or objection and opposition?

Pte. J. H. G. (At the Front).—Thanks for your interesting letter about yourself and comrades, John Bull and the *piou-piou*. We have posted the photograph on to your wife as desired. Good luck, and a happy return!

D. P. (London, E.C.).—Thanks for particulars of the British War Claims Committee. But isn't it rather early for traders and others to make up accounts of their losses owing to the war?

J. C. (Glasgow).—Why not have the courage to give your full name and address? Then we could deal with your inquiry.

"Money" (Aberdeen).—By all means send along the information.

Don't forget to cut out the pen coupon. See page 2 of cover.

"A REGULAR READER OF 'JOHN BULL' (Hôtel Cecil).—If indeed you *are* a regular reader, you should know by this time that we cannot act upon anonymous complaints. If you have proof that the concern you mention is really run by aliens, come into the open.

"S.S. *Maryport*."—We are sure that the National Standard Life Assurance Corporation will treat you fairly, and if you will give us detailed particulars—with your full name—we will follow the matter up. Your letter, however, is rather vague.

"JARNAC II."—Our Publishers have no trace of your previous letter. If you will forward name and address, a copy of the Albert Hall Speech will be posted to you.

"PERPLEXED" (Sunderland).—All children born of foreign parents in Britain are British subjects.

"NERVO" (Stratford).—It is difficult to see how any advertising nerve specialist can be a "genuine concern."

MRS. —(Colwyn).—"Why is the Kaiser's head like a window?" Possibly because it has pains in it.

R. M. (Llangoed) advises "Don't be a jay, but read J.B. Then you'll avoid all Bonus Tea."

CPL. S. J. M. (Warminster).—"Brothers and sisters have I none, yet——." How much longer is this antediluvian puzzle to haunt us? He was looking at his son's photo, of course. Where are the brains of the Army?

H. R. B.—Sleep the troops in churches instead of under canvas? Well, why not? Plenty of sleeping goes on in churches in times of peace, so we see no objection to it in times of war.

F. C. W. (Hampstead Road, N.W.).—Nothing we can say would be likely to induce your landlord to reduce the rent if he will not do so at your own request. Don't press him too hard, or he might raise it.

"KITTY" (Halifax).—How can we say in which towns you would be likely to do well, if you do not state what you are canvassing for? If it is bonus tea, we flatly refuse to assist you in any way.

"BRUMY."—We know nothing about the Field Syndicate, of Sion, Switzerland, or its Lincolnshire Handicap Sweepstake. Better wait for the John Bull Derby Sweep.

MRS. A. D. (Faversham).—We really cannot concern ourselves in the competitions run by our contemporaries. It is as much as we can do to cope with "Bullets." Perhaps your errors, although no more in number, were more flagrant than those of the person to whom the prize was awarded.

W. W. (Bath).—We think it would be somewhat childish to go to the trouble of changing the name of that district in the Potteries known as Dresden. True, it is the name of one of our enemies' towns, but it is more closely associated in the mind of the public with a certain class of chinaware.

W. B. H. (Newbury).—It does not surprise us in the least to hear that the firms of Hansen and Gibbs and John Gambles occupy offices on the same floor in the same building in Goldsmith Street, Nottingham. You see, they both deal in a paper called Kraft.

J. M. P. (Rugby).—The questions asked candidates for teacherships under the London Poor Law District do not appear to us at all unreasonable. We should ask the same questions if we were engaging a cook.

L. D. (Leeds).—Stylopen, 48a, Theobalds Road, W.C., advertises that 35s. a week can be made by addressing envelopes and then offer to sell you 8s. 6d. worth of goods in order to do it, yet you ask us "if there is a catch in it somewhere." There will certainly be a catch somewhere if they get your money.

"ANXIOUS READER" (Goole).—We do not think Messrs. J. A. Davis, Denmark Hill, London, will carry out their threat to put you in the County Court, in the circumstances. If they do, explain the facts to the Judge, and he will see that equity is done; probably also that the firm gets a suitable ad.

H. W. C. (Bungay).—We have every reason to believe that any deposit you care to make with the John Bull Bank will be perfectly safe. As regards "Bullets," there is no objection to your using a typewritten signature.

A. H. N. (Kingston).—"I feel I must write and ask you if you think the following thing right for the grave-digger to sneer at anybody who, after burying their friend, or rather departed loved ones, does not tip him? I—" It is a grave outrage.

"SOUTHDOWN" (Sandown, I.W.) says that if he were "to see it in 'J.B.' that Germany's frightfulness is MIS-used Force," he would believe it." What's the joke?

R. L. R. (Acton).—We do not know any other way than through the Red Cross Society, and we believe they are inundated with applications from women desirous of becoming field nurses.

E. G. (Brighton).—If we had your horrible ideas about Brighton, madam, we should clear out of it.

L.-CL. R. (Surrey).—England declared war (became in a state of war) against Germany as and from 11 o'clock p.m. on 4th August.

J. J. C. (Aintree).—The only lines we have space to quote, "But now my one absorbing theme, Is how and where to get a tanner," are not worth half-a-crown.

E. S. (Streatham) sends us this extract from an old school book published at Dublin in 1807: "Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay. Germany beware the day, When the schoolmen bear the sway."

"RIFLE BRIGADE" (Sheerness).—We cannot publish anonymous allegations about bad meat.

"OBSERVER" (Bradford) wishes to thank Lloyd George for taxing, and the brewers for raising, the price of beer, because many persons who formerly drank two glasses of that beverage can now afford only one. Don't be so sarcastic.

A. S. E. (Armley).—As you are married, have several dependents, and are engaged in making armaments, we see no reason why you should enlist so long as thousands of young unmarried men refuse to answer their country's call.

"WILLING" (Newcastle-on-Tyne) says: "All England's sons are not fighting men. I am one of them, and it takes quite a deal of confessing." We do not care to be made the repository of such confessions. Why, even the women would fight the Huns if only they had the chance.

MRS. H. (Jersey).—The man who undertook to cure your varicose veins with his "magnetic leggings," is a quack, and we are not surprised to hear that the use of his contrivances increased your trouble. Bid good-bye to your guinea.

J. C. (Douglas).—We have never heard of a "Workmen's Correspondence College" in London, but a Navvies' Battalion has just been formed. Will that do?

"RECRUIT" (Hull).—We jibbed at the first line of your poem: "Over the way we hear them beckoning." It may be our misfortune, but we have never heard anyone beckoning in our life.

G. A. (Alfreton).—We cannot say what is the destination of the machines you refer to. The 6d. you enclosed has been added to our War Fund.

W. A. (Aspatria).—The local paper might have let you down a little lighter in respect to their charges for advertising and printing for your patriotic concert, but you should have got a quotation first.

L. F. ("Breaksea" Lightship).—Glad our Xmas Number enlivened your otherwise dull and lonely Yuletide.

LCE.-CPL. S. W. P. (Cairo).—The rhyme, "I'll go one, said Belgium, I'll go two, said France," etc., is now almost as well known as "Tipperary."

M. Y. (Dublin) tells us that most of the picture houses in that dear, dirthy city are doing away with the National Anthem, because it is invariably received with hisses and boos on the part of the audience. Perhaps it is not the sentiment, but the tune that is boo-ed. We believe it was "made in Germany."

E. H. J. (L'pool).—The cartoon in the New York *World* depicting John Bull haled before Judge Uncle Sam by P.C. Wilson for "obstructing traffic" made us smile some. They think themselves no small potatoes, some of these pro-German Yanks.

J. L. S. (Inverkeithing) wants to know how he can become a midshipman in H.M. Navy. We believe he must pass in through one of the Naval Colleges as a cadet.

G. P. (Wakefield).—Agreed that John Burns was apparently inconsistent in the matter of his "£500 a year" creed and his acceptance of £5,000 a year from the Government. But he *wouldn't* be a "blackleg."

T. M. (Stockton-on-Tees).—We duly note that John A. Campbell, 15, Great Clyde Street, near Stockwell, Glasgow, did not return your money, as agreed in his advertisement, when you found that his "Domino" skin cure had no curative effect. How often *do* quacks fulfil their advertised promises?

F. J. H. (Tipton).—You must have been moon-struck when you sent 7s. 6d. to the "Astrologer" for advice. One can scarcely blame him for sticking to the money.

"IS IT FAIR?" (Abbey Wood, S.E.).—No, it is not. Firms that are doing as good business as they were before the war are not justified in reducing the wages of their staff.

J. R. H. (West Auckland).—Heavy Naval guns can be used on land without digging wells to float them in. Our engineers are not so poverty-stricken in their resources as all that.

J. M. (Hampton Wick).—We, too, remember learning that the North Sea was also called the German Ocean. That is what makes it so wild at times.

"MISSING LYNK" (West Calder).—You write like one. Darwin would have been interested in you.

S. C. (Aberdeen) thinks Chinese "stink bombs" would be effectual in clearing the German trenches. Not a bit of it. The Germans revel in stenches and thrive on stinks.

(Continued on page 34.)

Fill in our Free Insurance coupon for yourself and each member of the family.

John Bull's Letter Bag—(continued).

"Patriot."—It is all very well for you to say you "have every reason to believe" that the concern you name is German, but belief is not evidence.

"Hibernicus."—Perhaps when Home Rule is in proper working order, leeches will be applied to the bloated condition of the Irish judiciary.

"A Manchester Reader"—It does not follow that because "Sparkenhoe" goods were formerly manufactured in Germany they are not made in England now. It was more honest of the tradesman to allow the garment to retain its "German made" label than it would have been had he concealed its place of origin.

P. F. McC. (Dublin).—When are Paterson and Co., of 51, Beak Street, going to announce the result of their "Prize Distribution"? When the cows come home, by the looks of it.

J. K. (London, E.).—Do you mean bells or bills? Have a little pot. brom. before writing again. It will steady your nerves, and we shall be able to decipher your screed.

"Anglo-Saxon" (Beccles).—Why has Colonel von Donop such a foreign-looking name? Because his father had, we presume.

"Nurse" (Hoxton).—We do not care to recommend either the Auto-Knitting Hosiery Co., of Leicester, or the Helping-Hand Stores, of Manchester. The latter is a branch of a Yankee concern.

"Howitzer" (Glasgow).—Thanks for 2s., which has been added to our War Fund. Sorry we cannot supply you with the private address of the gentleman you name. We always regard the private address of a private individual as strictly private.

A. R. (Manchester).—We never on any account recommend moneylenders. Will not your bank help you?

J. S. (Edinburgh).—So you "come of a Family of Seers." You have our sympathy in your serious misfortune.

F. C. (Wombwell).—If you are quite prepared, as you say, to give all particulars concerning the Sales Agency, why don't you? We wait.

"Would-be Recruit" (St. Leonards).—Moderate dumb-bell exercise and deep breathing night and morning will soon increase your chest measurement, more especially since you are only eighteen, and therefore still growing. Then for a smack at the Huns! What?

Lce.-Cpl. E. A. W. (Bournemouth).—We should like fuller and authenticated particulars of the incident at the school to which you refer.

Robert Moore, who was taken away by his father when three years old, will learn of his mother, Mrs. Amy Moore, by writing to her at 45, Lansdowne Place, Weston Street, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

A. H. (Kettering).—On their own admission, the Sanatogen Company is a German concern. Still, the Government allow them to trade—under certain restrictions—so persons must exercise their individual judgment as to whether they may buy their wares and remain at the same time patriotic.

Pte. S. T. (Lower Halling).—Kaiser is pronounced Ky-ser, so your alleged humorous lines don't quite fit.

J. B. (Southwater).—We have no time to investigate whether the Cogschultze Ammunition and Powder Co., Ltd., is a German concern, but the name is certainly not Scotch.

G. K. S. (Acton, W.) alleges that the *Electrician* recently stated that ". . . even our ancestors will marvel that the strain of the war could have been borne with such fortitude." G. K. S. should have enclosed the cutting. If true, it is enough to make our posterity turn in their graves.

"More Tells."—So does old Moore. Do you mean three star brandy, or the stars in the firmament of heaven?

"Madcap" (Flanders) would like an introduction, when he returns from the Front, to the young lady who recently inquired of us whether the London Scottish wore knickers under their kilts. We prefer not to have a hand in it.

H. E. (Co. Durham).—If any of our readers would care to complete the purchase of the piano off which you have already paid £10, we will place you in communication. Is it of German make?

L. F. (Hove).—True, we do "publish pieces of poetry," but we cannot publish yours. Try again when you are *twice* thirteen.

W. A. C. (Birmingham) wants to know "where and whom" he should submit a design for improving the efficiency of aeroplanes, "so that it may not be pigeon-holed by an underling of the Government, but should get into the hands that could deal intelligently with it." We haven't the remotest idea. The initial difficulty is to get through the red-tape entanglements.

"Constant Reader."—It is Mrs. Despard, not Mrs. Drummond, who is the sister of Sir John French.

C. W. H. (Keith).—Mr. Plowden, the well-known London magistrate, died last year. Nowadays the Emperor of Austria has no say in the election of the Pope.

"Dieu et Mon Pays" (Shipley).—It is possible that the Germans had something to do with the loss of the *Empress of Ireland*. They have proved themselves capable of any deviltry.

"G. P. O." (Bedford).—Deposits in the Post Office Savings' Bank are perfectly safe, although we are engaged in war.

"Study" (Hellifield).—You would find Spanish or Russian a very useful commercial language. Anything rather than German, the sound of which will offend the ears for generations to come.

"Fighter" (Kilmanagh).—Particulars as to entry into the Royal Flying Corps can be obtained by writing to the War Office.

"Hopeful" and Others.—We cannot at the moment say when the Great Skill Competition recently announced in our columns will close; but it is as well to get your coupons in early.

H. R. M. (London, S.E.).—25s. per week is mean pay for temporary night telephone operators, who put in 54 hours work per week. The nerve strain of continuous night work demands more generous recognition. But there, we have given up the Post Office as well-nigh hopeless, what with one thing and another.

"Tyke" (Rotherham).—"What is your opinion of the jobs Gold Coast Colony, are they genuine or not?" What jobs? You must bark a little plainer if you wish us to understand you.

H. R. (Toft Hill).—If you accept the offer of Elmer E. Knowles, the Yankee humbug who hangs out at Westminster Bridge Road, we shall write you down an ass.

"Doto" (Brighton).—"How many acres of ground 1,000,000 men standing in a mass would cover?" Let us see, that would mean 2,000,000 square *feet*, would not it?

C. N. (Aberdeen).—If your Corporation introduce a new style of street car, which requires the passenger to pay before entering, you cannot "defy them until you have taken your seat in the car." You cannot take your seat in a train until you have bought a ticket, can you? Where's the diff.?

"A Birmingham Reader."—What, still another "Robeyphone" complaint? "Something too much of this."

Miss E. G. (Brighton).—After careful consideration, we cannot see our way to make a public exposure of the Croydon employment agency with which you had such entertaining correspondence. Illiteracy does not always connote dishonesty; and there is no absolute proof that the Agency knew the post was filled when they took your 2s. 6d. and sent you on to it. You have reason to feel incensed; but congratulate yourself that the amount was not larger.

Mrs. K. (Brighton).—"Kaiser Bill, no doubt, when his life ebbs out," etc. How many more times are we going to have these prehistoric lines inflicted on us?

"Clach" (Inverness).—We should like to hear the story of the blind organist of Inverness.

E. B. (Twickenham).—We know nothing against the typewriting bureau you mention, but would advise you to visit the place and judge for yourself before sending your young daughter.

M. T. (London, S.W.).—We note with joy that when Rae, of Praed Street, asked you for 15s. for expenses before granting a loan, you informed him that you had come to borrow money not to give it. Good iron!

F. M. (Liverpool).—Thanks; but "particulars of a law case, regarding oil claims in the West Indies, Adie v. Trinidad Oilfields Co., Ltd.," are somewhat too remote from the general interest of our readers.

Mrs. N. F. (B'ham).—Have no idea where you can sell a copy of *John Bull* dated Jan. 8—16, 1827. Have you tried a fried fish shop?

B. P. S. (London, S.E.).—F. Roberts, of 24, Brookbank Road, Lewisham, has no more influence for securing situations as stewards, etc., on board British liners, than the German Emperor has.

A. R. (Dublin).—Your enthusiasm for our cause, and efforts to spread the gospel of John Bull in Dublin, are greatly appreciated.

"Reader" (Maidenhead) is desirous of selling to the highest bidder a four-leafed clover, as a mascot "to be presented to a friend at the Front or going, or to King George to counterbalance the Kaiser's." Now then, what offers?

L. H. (Ballaugh) and J. S. (Pontefract).—Kruschen Salts are not the product of any German spa, but are derived from Welsh and English springs, the name being an entirely fancy one. As a matter of fact, the proprietors are the Griffiths-Hughes family, who founded the business about a hundred years ago.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Ours is the most generous Free War Insurance. ALL risks covered.

SINGLE WEEK FOOTBALL CONTEST.

£1,000

FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

No Waiting

ONE WEEK ONLY.

£250 IF ONE ERROR ONLY.

£50 FOR NEXT BEST.

£20 FOR BEST MAUVE COUPON.

This week we are running another **Single** Week Contest—with the above huge Cash Prizes. As the coupon appears once only, make use of it now. Send as many entries as you like, and post early. It is nearly your last chance of earning cash by your football skill. Scottish readers may enter. £1,000 will be paid for an all-correct forecast. In any event £70 must be won.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, March 20th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of **£1,000** will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, **£250** will be paid to the competitor whose coupon shows ONE ERROR ONLY. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, we shall in any event pay the cash prize of **£50** to the sender of the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

£20 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £20 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a MARY BULL Mauve Coupon.

By using a **mauve** coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000, the £250, or the £50, but an **extra** £20. Thus in any event **£70 must be won.**

Should a Mauve Coupon win, or share the £1,000, the £250, or £50, the £20 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best Mauve Coupon.

The Mauve Coupon will be found in this week's MARY BULL, now on sale.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 18."

The Contest closes Friday, March 19th.

SINGLE WEEK CONTEST—SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I should like your answer to the following, viz.: (1) If the Censor has so cut down war news that our press has been obliged to make copy from the sayings and doings of a little pantomime actress. (2) Why ——— who possesses a mind for higher things introduces such piffle into his weekly article. (3) If G. B. Shaw is inside or out of a madhouse. (4) Why Haldane, who kept down our Army, should be allowed out loose to blither about recruiting. (5) If McKenna is saving enough to retire on."

"As a reader of your paper will you kindly settle for us a little discussion on Social questions, as we have been pleased to see the interest you have taken in these from time to time:—

(1) What are the 3 worst paid forms of labour (male or female) in London to-day?

(2) What wages do they get for work done, and what hours, if time work?

(3) What is the computed number of persons who sleep out of doors (homeless ones) per day?

I enclose 1s.6d. for time your clerk may take in answering."

"I would feel obliged if you could settle a little dispute for me. I am holding stakes for a bet made between two of my shopmates: as to the number of points in a ship's compass; A claims to have won by saying 32 but B says there are 33, and he claims to have won as he says there are 32 points on the compass card and what he terms the (Lovers' point) being the point from which the ship is steered so making 33 points. But if you could oblige they agree to go by your Decision."

Racing Notes.

To-day LES ORMES may win the Southern Selling Steeplechase, and AGNES M should win the Grand Annual Steeplechase. OPPLIGER looks best for the Gloucestershire Hurdle. To-morrow (Thursday) the best things appear to be BRIDGE IV. for the Swindon Steeplechase; FLEETING PEACE for the Coventry Steeplechase and AURETTE for the County Handicap Hurdle.

At Lingfield on Friday, EXCELSIOR may win the Godstone Maiden Hurdle, and DICK DUNN the Grensted. On Saturday ABBOTT'S CHOICE ought to win the Blindley Heath Steeplechase. SCHOOLMONEY may score in the Spring Handicap Steeplechase, while CAPTAIN DREYFUS* in the Rowlands Maiden Steeplechase should prove the best thing of the week.

CARRIGRUE for the Stewards' Steeplechase, on Friday, and ALFRED NOBLE for the Great Cheshire Steeplechase, on the second day, look to be the best things at Hooton Park.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 16.

Two competitors, whose coupons showed 4 errors, share the £50 Consolation Prize, each receiving £25.

ALLAN, G., 83, Spring Garden, Aberdeen.

SLAPE, M. T. R. B., 17, Patshull Road, Kentish Town.

Four competitors, whose Mauve coupons showed 5 errors, share the £20, each receiving £5. They are:—

DRUCE, H., 7, Mauleverer Road, Brixton, S.W.

GILLIES, Mrs. J. B., Schoolhouse, Old Deer, Aberdeenshire.

JARMAN, Mrs., 78, Gibbon Road, Nunhead, S.E.

MILNE, R. C., 31, Diamond Street, Aberdeen.

"Bullets" Monster

1ST PRIZE £500 FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!

2ND PRIZE £100

SPECIAL WAR PRIZES: 10 of £10

25 PRIZES OF £1 | **10 PRIZES OF £2:10:0** | **100 PRIZES OF 10/s**

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples—

FORCING THE DARDANELLES
MAKING REPRISALS
WHEN TURKEY'S FINISHED
STRIKING MOVEMENT
THE DAY OFF
BREAD TICKETS
WISH I HADN'T
GERMAN PRISONERS
A GROWING DIFFICULTY
SINGLE GIRLS
THE LION'S SHARE
SHOCKING STATE
A GOOD SIGN
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS
END IN SIGHT
NEVER FORGOTTEN
ROARING TRADE
BLESSING IN DISGUISE
MAKING TROUBLE
SCENTING DANGER
SURPRISE IN STORE
SWEETHEARTS' GREETING
MORE THAN ENOUGH
BLACK OUTLOOK
RAPID DESCENT
EATING HUMBLE PIE
HUBBY'S ALLOWANCE
GETTING TO WORK
GOING DOWN
SHABBY TRICK

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of the above examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "MAKING TROUBLE," and take the letters "M" and "A," using the word "When" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "MISSUS WHEN ANNOYED." From the example, "EATING HUMBLE PIE," the Bullet, "AFTER BLUNDER" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "A GROWING DIFFICULTY," using the letter "T" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "TO DRESS TOMMY."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

This week we are making our Monster Easter Offer. FOR THIS WEEK ONLY we are increasing our First Prize to £500, in addition to a Special Second Prize of £100. All prizes will be despatched in ample time for the Easter holidays. No reader should miss this magnificent offer of 2,847 prizes, value nearly £1,500. BY FAR THE MOST GENEROUS OFFER MADE BY ANY PAPER.

Closing date, Thursday, March 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(128) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This Week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated March 20th.

Closing date, Thursday, March 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(128) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

If both Coupons are used a Postal Order for 1s. must be sent

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 128," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 3rd, 1915.

Easter Egg!

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY **£500** 1ST. PRIZE

SPECIAL WAR PRIZES: 10 of £10

2ND PRIZE £100

200 PRIZES OF 5/s | **500 PRIZES OF 2/6** | **2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES**

RESULT OF 125TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. A. H. GOODFELLOW,
5, Yarrow Terrace,
Hawick, Scotland.

Example:—A SIMPLE MAID.
Bullet:—SOLD "OLD MASTER."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10:

Mr. WALTER HARTLAND, 94, Aston Road, Dudley, Worcs.:
MOST INDIGNANT—IF "PUT OUT."
Mrs. K. JARVIS, Aldwincle, Thrapston, Northampton:
MEANS NOTHING—OFTEN OFFICIAL "INTELLIGENCE."
Mr. C. E. KEAST, H.M. Wireless Station, Scarborough:
WOMAN'S FAILING—WAR PROVING OTHERWISE.
Mr. B. ROY NILSEN, Grove Lea, Lansdown Road, Bath:
MOST INDIGNANT—DAD—WHEN "TAXED."

Pte. J. HINDLE, 16th Welsh, Rose Brae, 2, Rhrw Road, Colwyn Bay:
GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY—A "CONSUMING" ANXIETY.
Mr. C. WATSON, 21, Wellington St., Greenock, Scotland:
MEANS NOTHING—"SEND NO MONEY."
Mrs. M. WILLIAMS, 118, Crawford St., Baker St., London, W.:
A SIMPLE MAID—"PATTERN" WITHOUT "DESIGN."
Mr. W. SMITH, 15, Bigg Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
GOING STRAIGHT HOME—RISKY FOR MERCHANTMAN.
Mr. B. S. WALLIS, Russell St. Market, Covent Garden, London, W.C.:
WHAT ALGY THINKS—NATURALLY "HE—HAWS."
Mr. WILLIAM C. HARRIS, 73, Egerton Road, Stamford Hill, London, N.:
SERIOUS SHORTAGE—THEN "THINGS" REALISED.

Ten Prizes of £2 10s:

Mrs. BRAKE, 37, East Street, Taunton, Somerset:
A SIMPLE MAID—"STUFFED," NOT "SEASONED."
Mrs. M. GERARD, 48, King Street, Manchester:
FATHER'S MISTAKE—MAKING "SLIPS."

Sergt.-Instr. A. E. SMYTHE, B Coy., 14th Bn. West Yorks, Marine Mansions, Penzance:
MISSING HER CHANCE—ENGLAND, IF SENTIMENTAL.
Mr. JAMES GORDON, 259, London Road, Lowestoft, S.:
GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY—SUITS JOCKEYS SPLENDIDLY.
Capt. A. de L. KIRKPATRICK, Coolmine House, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin:
MEANS NOTHING—THE AVERAGE TESTIMONIAL.
Mr. WM. T. MILLS, 79a, Klea Avenue, Clapham, S.W.:
WOMAN'S FAILING—"SALES AND WANTS."
Mrs. L. RUDMAN, 104, Carter Street, Walworth, S.E.:
A SIMPLE MAID—MOTHER'S ANXIETY "SWELLS."
Mr. NOEL W. RINGROSE, 4, Farnley Lane, Ottley, Yorkshire:
MISSING HER CHANCE—NOT VERY "ENCOURAGING."
Mr. D. W. DAVIES, "Penylan," Alexandra Road, Gorseinon, near Swansea:
IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH—RUBBER—ONE TIME.
Mr. GEORGE ANGUS, 7, Burns Rd., Aberdeen
MISSING HER CHANCE—EXPECTING BEAU "IDEAL."

Selection from 25 Prize-winners of £1.

BULLEN, B. (Miss), 26, Franchise Street, Weymouth.
CHRISTIE, A., 33, Heaton Grove, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
CLAY, J., 6, Royle Street, Withington, Manchester.
COLLINS, B., 7, Station Road, Cardenden, Fife.
ELLIOTT, W. A. C., 7, Plumsail Street, Poplar.
FREEMAN, R., 38, Rhiwlas Street, Princes Park, Liverpool.
GOWER, A. (Miss), Theatre Royal, Middlesbrough.
HEALD, A., The Knoll, West Wells Road, Ossett, Yorks.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to reproduce the Cheque awarded to last week's First Prize-winner.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 36, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, March 18th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor that is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull" and in the "Competitors' Journal."

"Look at the business reason why—

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"Why is it that the 'Midland' give you £100,000 worth of superb furniture to choose from at those marked prices which save you money on every purchase?

"I'll tell you. It's a reason which anyone with your head for business will appreciate at once.

"The 'Midland' sell all that beautiful furniture for less than other firms would charge, simply because they get it for less themselves.

"Just consider the huge volume of their trade. Think of the command of market prices it gives them. Think of the intermediate profits they cut out by being actual manufacturers.

"They can afford to give you the best possible value for every sixpence you spend. And they certainly do."

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It contains over 1,000 photographs, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons to give you an idea of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view. The prices are all plainly marked; compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere; you will be convinced that money *does* buy MORE at the "Midland."

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.	Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ..	£0 6 0	£50 ..	£1 £ 0
£20 ..	0 11 0	£100 .	2 5 0
£30 ..	0 17 0	£200 .	4 0 0
£40 ..	1 5 0	£500 ..	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Country Orders

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

Rail Fares Paid

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.

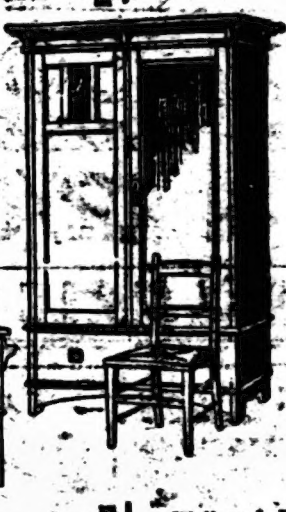
Oak Bureau Bookcase, soundly constructed, with leaded light glass doors and fitted with fall front, 3 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, 16 in. deep. **£4 15s. 0d.**

10% Discount for Cash

Fumed Oak Bureau, 2ft. 2in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 9 in deep. Exceptional value. **£1 1s. 0d.**

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice.

£2 15s. 0d.



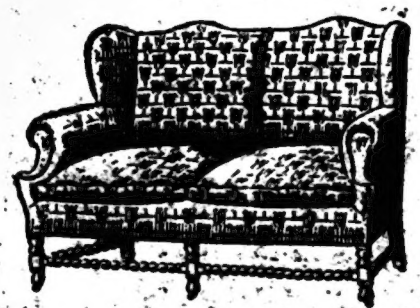
Well-made Bedroom Suite, in oak, handsomely designed, comprising a commodious wardrobe with full-length bevelled mirror in door, dressing-chest with bevelled swing mirror, wash-stand with marble top and tiled back, complete with two rush-seated chairs.

£6 16s. 6d.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire free.**



A beautifully made three-piece suite carried out on Jacobean lines, with underframe and loose cushions. Splendidly upholstered and covered in old-world design tapestry. Finished a rich antique brown.

£9 19s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies—Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa—Central News Agency, Ltd. Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2695.